# Saturday Review

JUNE 7, 1958 / 25¢

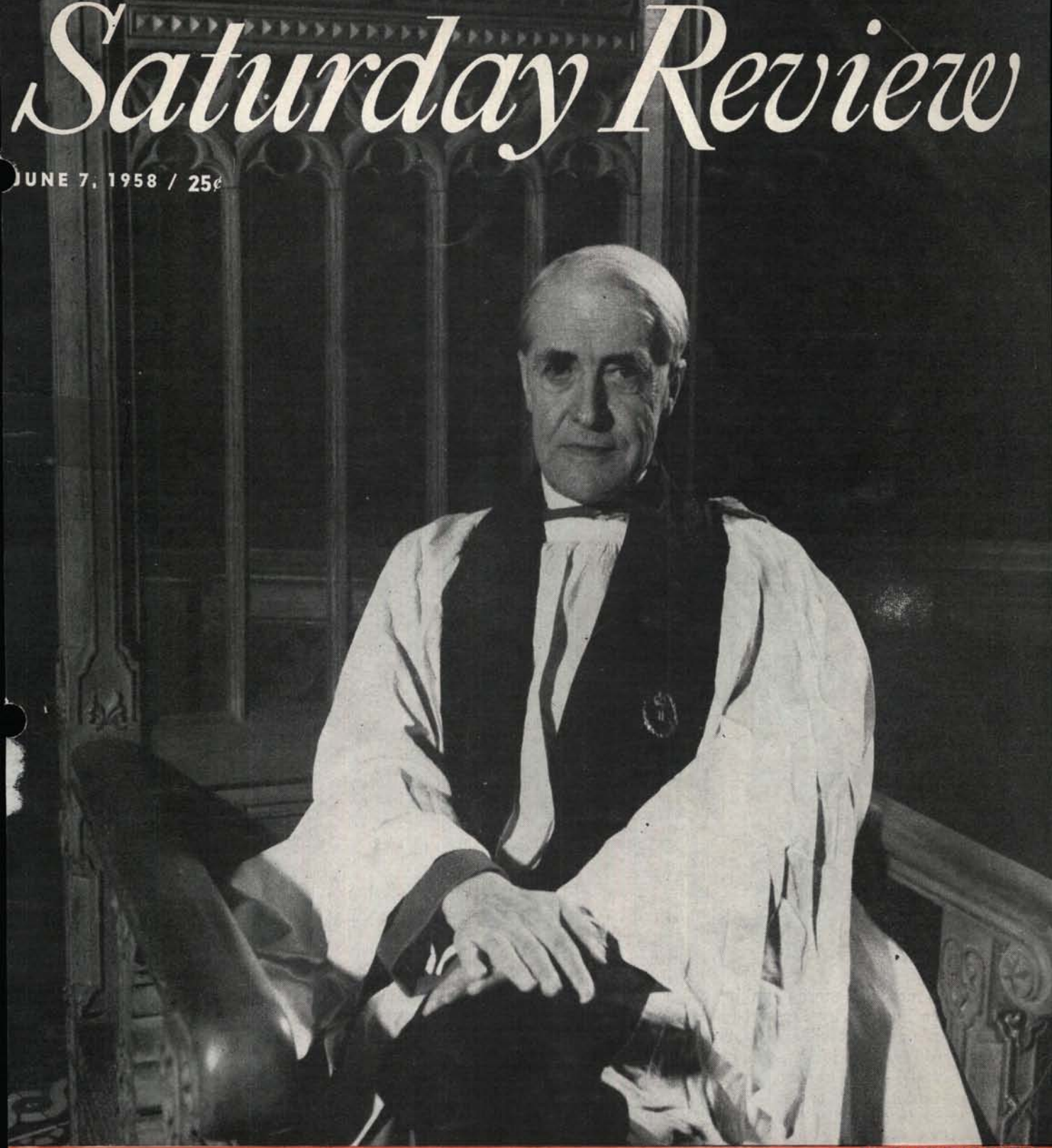

PHOTO BY IVAN DMITRI

*Canon Charles E. Raven, a chaplain to England's Queen, seeks doctors for a sick society* *(SEE SCIENCE)*

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

## MISSILES CAN'T CONQUER SPACE

By Capt. Robert C. Truax (USN)

## THE TOAST O

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*The Saturday Review*

JUNE 7, 1958

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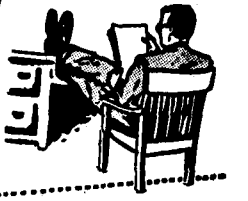
## Editor at Large



I seldom look at television, and I have seen the Garry Moore Show only a few times, but if he carries out his announced plan of discontinuing it, he's going to destroy one of my major morning pleasures.

It's this way: Denise Lor, the show's attractive singer and comedienne, rides into the city early every morning on the same train I take. Like many of my fellow commuters, I look forward to seeing her come down the aisle. Somehow she always manages to make her entrance after everyone else is seated, and into each car she brings something particularly nice at that hour of the day: a fleeting trace of perfume and the sight of a pretty girl among all those grey male commuting faces.

If Moore stops his show, undoubtedly she will take a more sensible later train, and another bit of the romance of railroading will have died.

Oh, well, I guess there's consolation in the fact that I'll have more time for such good train reading as (and here, in the best TV manner, having aroused your interest, we swing into the commercial) "Herb Caen's New Guide to San Francisco," a practical guidebook to one of America's most fascinating cities.

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*L. L. Day*

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Herb Caen's New Guide to San Francisco" ($1.75) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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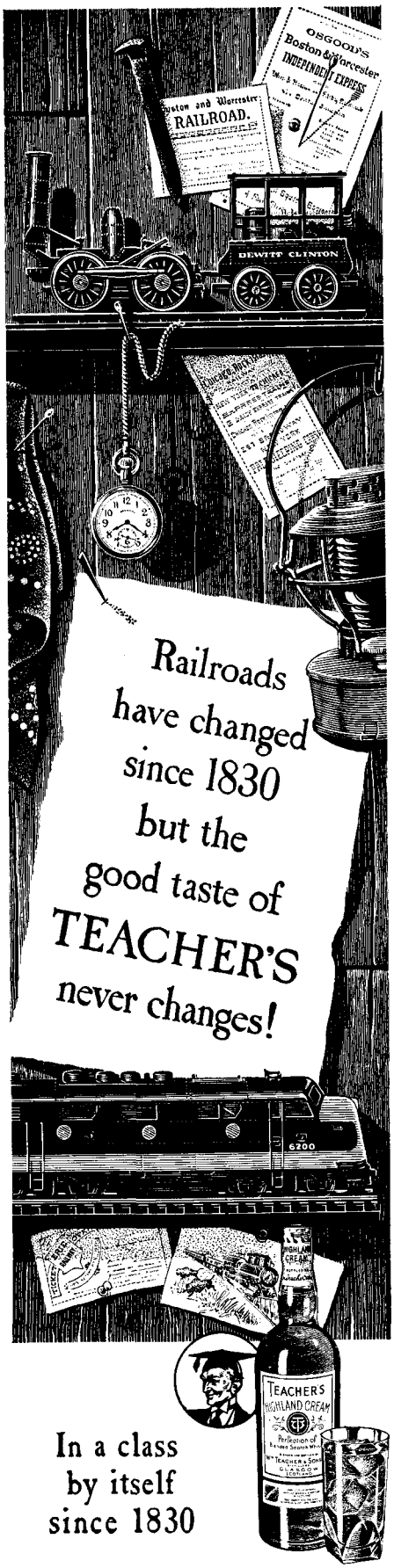


# FIRST OF THE MONTH

"ALL aboard, please," was probably the keynote for May. Unhappily, it was pretty difficult to make much sense out of a month which saw, in far-off and supposedly hostile Moscow, the incredibly friendly reception accorded to Texas pianist Cliburn, in middle-distant and supposedly middle-of-the-road Lebanon and Algeria the burning of two American buildings, and finally, in nearby and supposedly Good Neighborly Latin America, the incredibly hostile reception accorded to Vice President Nixon. Somehow it was all too reminiscent of the lines of Anne Bancroft on the telephone in "Two for the Seesaw," "All right then, *don't* be such a friend. Be an enemy and stop pestering me!"

• • Meanwhile, earlier in this confusing month, we had not only given the Moiseyev Dancers at the Metropolitan possibly the greatest reception ever accorded visitors from the supreme Soviet; we had also paid them the supreme American honor—we asked them back again to Madison Square Garden and the Ed Sullivan Show. We even gave them a cocktail party at which, at least so far as could be seen, there were no untoward incidents, although at a later party that same evening—one Mr. Tyrone Power gave for Sir Laurence Olivier (which the Moiseyevs did *not* attend)—one ambitious young American lady became, after several drinks, querulous. "Where," she demanded indignantly, "are all the Communists?" Everything was all right, though. It turned out, a drink later, she meant *columnists.*

• • Underneath all the confusion, however, there was, possibly, a point to the month. In contrast to Vice President Nixon's tour, the New York Philharmonic, in their tour of Latin America, and in the same countries, found the people, they reported, "warm and friendly." And in Caracas, Venezuela, at almost exactly the same spot where the car of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon received its smattering of ignorance, a young man named Leonard Bernstein, also on a tour, was wildly cheered. Also in Caracas, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Armstrong were wildly cheered. Finally, here in New York, as anyone who saw the Moiseyevs knows, there was not only bravoing and cheering and waving on the part of the audience, there was also bravoing and cheering and waving back on the part of the people on the stage. Obviously there is, the world over, an intense desire to communicate, but—and this is now equally obvious—this communication must be as far as possible from the Governmental level.

• • Turning, for a moment, the shoe about on the other foot, so to speak, is this so vastly different from the way we ourselves feel? We cheer the Moiseyevs to the rafters, but it still takes, on some days, some eighteen policemen to guard the Russian consulate. (Even in calm periods there are no less than half a dozen.) We applauded the Russian chess players a couple of years ago at the Hotel Roosevelt—as undoubtedly they will applaud our fifteen-year-old Bobby Fischer in Moscow this summer—but if Khrushchev had tried to come here at, say, the time of the Hungarian crisis, even our vaunted Secret Service would have been hard put to defend him.

• • Of course, there are good answers to these problems, but there are also some bad ones. Miss Marian Anderson's and Mr. Edward R. Murrow's "Lady from Philadelphia" was a brilliant example of the former. President Eisenhower's moving of the troops after the Nixon incident was a sorry example of the latter. All in all, we need, it seems, more Marian Andersons and Leonard Bernsteins and Van Cliburns and Louis Armstrongs and Bobby Fischers and American Ballet Theatres (see page 22), and less governments and politicians and Marines and 101st Airbornes.

• • We also need too, it seems, a little more growing up on the part of some segments of our press, or, to take a specific segment, columnist Art Buchwald. Mr. Buchwald went to Moscow for ten columns last month, complete with a fur coat, a cigar, a cossack hat, a scenario writer, and a chauffeur-driven Chrysler Imperial. Mr. Buchwald can be a very funny man indeed, and it all may have been very good advertising for the *New York Herald Tribune* and the Chrysler Corporation, both of which have been having their troubles lately, but a highly publicized private joke, particularly one played on people who are not noted for their sense of humor toward anyone else, let alone them-

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selves, hardly seemed the best public relations for the rest of us.

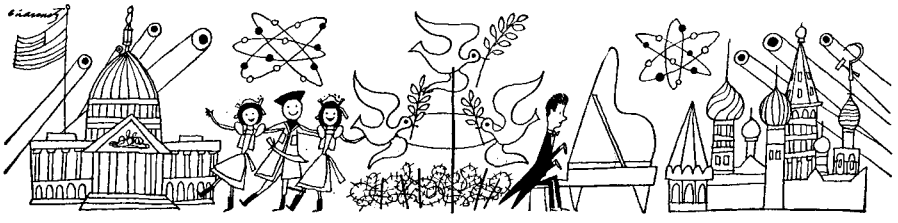
• • Perhaps the gloomiest piece of news in the field of international private public relations, or whatever, was the fact that the one non-governmental organization which was just getting started in this field, the "People-to-People" Foundation, is, as of the end of this month, foundering. "People-to-People," not to be confused with Mr. Murrow's "Person-to-Person," was set up just a year ago last September when President Eisenhower assembled a group of industrialists and bankers in Washington—he called them "a cross section of American brains and ability"—and told them the problem was for them to work out ways of getting people together, "to leap governments," he said, "if necessary, to evade governments." Soon there were forty-two group-recruiting individuals with assignments ranging from "Insurance" (under Frederick Ecker of Metropolitan Life) and "Veterans" (under Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker) to "Sports" (under Col. Edward Eagan) to "Talent" (under Hollywood's George Murphy). In turn these groups, in an attempt to corollate what was called a "forty-two-headed monster," chose as their over-all president Mr. Charles E. (for "Electric") Wilson, of General Electric (and former Defense Mobilizer), and not to be confused with Mr. Charles E. (for "Engine") Wilson, of General Motors (and former Defense Secretary).

• • "Frankly," says Mr. Wilson, a modest man who perfers to speak of himself in the third person, "Wilson couldn't get the thing off the ground." George V. Denny, vice president, is even more depressed. "I'm writing a letter about it," he said, "to the *Times*." Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Denny agree that the basic trouble with the "People-to-People" program was that nobody really believed, particularly in view of the name-power connected with it, that it *was* People and not Government. In contrast to its failure, however, there is, on the teen-age level, an equally striking success story—the quiet and incredibly able work of the American Field Service. An outgrowth of the old Ambulance Service, which served in both World Wars, the Field Service started in 1947 with seventeen students. This summer they will send some 900 American students abroad (sixty of whom will stay on for fall study) and in turn will next fall receive no less than 1,200 students from thirty-four countries who will go to high school and actually live with individual American families, for ten months, in forty-five states. The individual community raises $650 for the student, and the students themselves contribute part of the remainder.

• • Mr. Stephen Galatti, a driver in World War I and head of the Ambulance Service in World War II, has administered the program since its inception, and it is typical of him that he immediately credits the idea to George Van Santvoord, former headmaster of Hotchkiss School. "We have no 'big shots'," says Mr. Galatti. "We just have a simple, workable, middle-class program both ways. We don't just choose kids who can pay. We choose them and then ask them if they can help. The key to it is the teen-age level. They are pliable and openminded, and though we haven't been able to get back of the Iron Curtain yet, we are not going to give up trying. The best thing is that the kids stick with us after the year is up. They're not allowed to stay over here, of course, but they're future leaders over there. This year, in Germany alone, we have thirty-six committees of our kids in thirty-six cities."

• • One future leader is Mademoiselle Monique Sirand from Juan-le-Pins, France. Born in Algeria, Mlle. Sirand had a grandfather who was killed in the First World War, a father who was killed in the Second. She has been attending Long Island's Garden City High School and living in Garden City with the Leonard family. Mr. Leonard, whom she calls "my American father," is the manager of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. "Before I came here," Mlle. Sirand says, "I hated America. I thought all Americans were either millionaires or gangsters or cowboys or juvenile delinquents. Then, when I got over here, I began to understand them. Soon I even began to understand the boys who would just sit around and talk baseball. Now I love America. The only thing I hate is leaving."

—Cleveland Amory.



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INTRODUCTION BY
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# TRADE Winds

**IS BOOKSELLING** a business anyone with any common sense would go into? The best answers to this and other questions like it came to me in a talk I have just had with Charles B. Anderson, proprietor of Anderson's Book Shop in Larchmont, New York. Mr. Anderson is at this very moment attending the fifty-sixth Annual American Booksellers Association Convention in Atlantic City, where he and hundreds of others like him are looking, talking, listening to each other,

and seriously considering the joys and frustrations of the profession they have chosen for themselves. I'd say Anderson is a good example of how to run a bookstore, and perhaps that is one of the reasons he is slated to be elected president of the ABA at this convention. Here are his replies to some of my queries:

"I feel so strongly that this is a profitable business that I am ostentatious about it. I use a big red Cadillac to make deliveries in, because I don't think you can attract customers by letting them think you are poor. In fact, the first full month after I bought my store I made a profit, and I've made a profit ever since. That was in 1945, when I decided I wanted to go into bookselling. I had heard that Womrath's wanted to dump five of their stores which were losing money. There were two in Brooklyn, one in New York, one in New Rochelle, and this one in Larchmont, deepest in the red of all of them.

"I paid $2,500 for the key, plus $1,300 for the inventory at cost. I was in business for $3,800. Later, when Womrath's found out it was easy to sell bookstores, they got rid of all forty in their chain. About half of these have now made good, in the sense that they are prosperous. I wouldn't call a store prosperous unless the owner nets $10,000 a year. Some are making twice that. I have an optimistic view of bookselling. Most of these people are devoted to it and make a comfortable livelihood."

**HOW DID YOU** make good?

"I decided one of the reason's Womrath's wasn't selling was that they had an empty wagon. That inventory was nothing. So I bought a lot of staple books and salable books; then I added some sidelines and we doubled the sales figures quickly. And that was in the 'little store,' before we enlarged.

"The secret—if it is a secret— is to make a good impression on the customer, so he'll want to come back. Two things we've done that no one else in suburban New York has done: one, we have a large stock of books; two, we now have a decor equivalent to a Fifth Avenue shop. We do a moderate amount of advertising—Yellow Pages, for example—and direct mail. The biggest stunt was when we sent out 15,000 copies of a reading list supplied by a publisher. It cost us about $700, and I think as a result of this catalogue we sold about $6,000 worth of books that otherwise wouldn't have been sold.

"Probably our most effective device to entice people into the store is the rental library. In the cases of some popular titles we carry dozens of copies of each. We have the best selection of greeting cards in town, too, and a few other sidelines. There is some conflict of opinion about sidelines. Anderson's will always be first

and last a bookstore, and—though I would like to purvey only books—from a practical standpoint it pays to carry a careful selection of sidelines."

**THE POPULATION** of the Village of Larchmont is 6,500, Mr. Anderson. Where do you get all the customers?

"We've had to attract buyers from further and further away to support our overhead. I'm convinced that we have weaned a certain number of them away from New Rochelle, where many people bought books before we opened, and I know that we have made a great dent in the commuters who used to trade in New York bookstores. And we have created a new demand by emphasizing the purchase of books as gifts and going-away presents—my theory is that most books are bought for others."

**WHAT ABOUT** discounts?

"Well, we have constantly faced the

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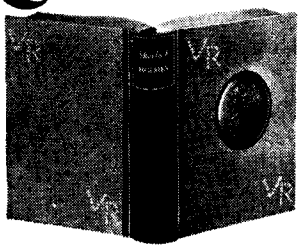

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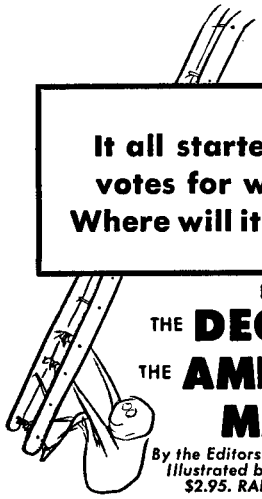


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**WHY DO BOOKSELLERS** complain so much, Mr. Anderson?

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"I don't want you to go away thinking we don't have our headaches, though. Just the other day someone ordered one copy of a $1.25 book, and by the time I had phoned one jobber, sent a postcard to another (thus saving one cent in stamps), and paid $.13 postage and insurance—the book cost me $1.26! Of course, I could have ordered it direct from the publisher at a 25 per cent discount, but the business of a separate transaction for one book is so complicated that I preferred the other method. Lots of times a publisher will have a book listed in his latest catalogue and your order is returned 'Out of Print.' Sometimes, believe it or not, this will happen with a book which the publisher is currently advertising. 'Out of stock,' they tell you. Many times I have to buy a book at list price. One volume, listed at $17.50, cost me more than $18 to get for a pretty anxious customer the other day.

"I'm telling you, there's no other business where this happens."

**THERE ARE SO** many books, how can a person find something to read?

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"That is the problem: to draw attention to books. That's where a bookseller can do good. I often point out to a discriminating customer a book that hasn't been reviewed, and I can often influence customers—the ones I know—to buy. We have six people working for us and each of them can do the same thing. Word of mouth advertising is effective. 'The Caine Mutiny' is a good example of a book being built by word of mouth."

**MR. ANDERSON,** what business experience fitted you for your career as a book-shop owner and proprietor?

"I spent most of my life teaching, but I did have one successful venture when I was a student in Germany in the middle of the Depression. I got word that the bank back home in Washington, Iowa, had failed, leaving me in Berlin flat broke. Somehow I got hold of a shipment of yo-yo's, which had never been seen before in Germany. I stood on *Unter de Linden* and sold them for a mark apiece. I didn't even think up a German name for them; I just called it *das Yo-yo.* Sold 'em all, and I can still see those Germans walking down the street trying to learn how to work *das Yo-yo.*

"If I thought they'd go, I'd stock them in the Book Shop this very day."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1262)

R. B. ROBERTSON:
*OF SHEEP AND MEN*

But whenever the Authorities are totally ignorant of the origins of anything biological or anthropological, they try to locate it in Central Asia, a most inconvenient place for their fellow scientists to go these days to check up on the hypothesis.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 7, 1958

# Europe's First Glimpse of the Russians

## *Elizabeth I and Ivan the Terrible—A Study in Diplomacy*

By A. L. ROWSE, *English historian, author of "The England of Elizabeth."*

SURPRISING as it may seem, it was our Elizabethan ancestors who made the first effective contacts with Russia, at the moment of its emergence upon the scene as a powerful, if backward, state under Ivan the Terrible. For more than two centuries, from 1235 to 1478, Russia had been under the domination of the Tartars. That had significant consequences for, and left many evidences upon, the face of Russia: we remember, for example, that Lenin was a pure Mongoloid type in appearance. There came in succession three able rulers—Ivan III, Vassily III, and Ivan IV, surnamed the Terrible—contemporary with the Tudors in England. These ruled Russia from 1462 to 1584; they turned the tables on the Tartars, emancipated Russia from their yoke, conquered the Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, so that the Volga became a Russian river all the way to the Caspian; expanded to the west at the expense of Poland and Sweden, and to the east into Siberia. In short, under them Russia took the essential shape in which we know it in modern history and from which it has not ceased to expand.

It was at this time, in the middle of the sixteenth century, that the English came upon the scene, to make those first fascinating contacts that the new Russia had with any Western power—contacts to which we owe most of the information we possess as to what was going on in that mysterious, barbaric country. And since it was Elizabethans who were reporting, our information is full and even voluminous, vivid, vivacious, with all the freshness and excited naiveté with which the Elizabethans wrote.

They owed their penetration into Russia to the spirit of expansion that seized upon the English in the second half of the sixteenth century. Since the Portuguese and Spaniards had established their priority to the south and east, we were driven to look north; the voyages of discovery to the north-east and the north-west are two panels to one diptych, the penetration into Russia one half of the picture of which the American enterprises are the other.

The English discovered and opened up a new route to Russia, around the North Cape—so familiar to Arctic convoys in the war—thence into the White Sea and up the river routes of the Dvina to Moscow. Willoughby and Chancellor made the first attempt in 1553, and though Willoughby was caught in the ice and frozen to death on the coast, Chancellor got through to Moscow. Ivan the Terrible was as much surprised at the newcomers as they were at what they saw in Russia. But both sides tumbled with alacrity to the possibilities that presented themselves: an outlet for English goods, especially woollens, on one side; on the other direct contact with the West, Western crafts and supplies, when Russia was cut off from the Baltic and had no other channel of communication.

A second expedition three years later secured a monopoly of the White Sea trade from Ivan and the establishment of English houses or "factories" in several Russian towns, notably Kholmogori and Vologda along the route to Moscow. On the return journey Chancellor was drowned on the Scottish coast; the Russian ambassador was, fortunately, among the few survivors. In London the Muscovy Company was formed to operate the new trade—an organization that continued to have a shadowy existence right up to our own time. These merchants sent out to Russia a man of ability, courage, and tact, who deserves a greater name

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in history than many more popular: Anthony Jenkinson, the leading figure in these early Anglo-Russian contacts from 1557 to 1572, a man for whom Ivan the Terrible conceived a real liking and respect and in whom he had entire confidence.

The terms of trade worked out very favorably for the Elizabethans. They probably conceived them at first in terms of reciprocity; but it became clear that there was no question of that, with a country so backward it had no export-organization of its own, no ships to export anything. This backwardness in relation to the West remained a continuing feature and was the source of many difficulties; as it has constituted a formative factor in the making of the Russian mentality, it has provided a constant psychological irritant ever since. One observes the dangerous workings of the miserable inferiority-complex from the very beginning, with Ivan the Terrible in person and his people alike.

On the other hand, Russian backwardness gave the Elizabethan traders a grand opportunity and, since Ivan needed them, he was undoubtedly generous in his grants: the monopoly of the White Sea trade by the new route, sites and lands for the Company's "factories," exemption from all customs and tolls, liberty of transit through Russia. Precisely 400 years ago, in 1558, Jenkinson set out from Moscow on his journey to Bokhara, where he spent three or four months trading—three centuries after Marco Polo had made the first contacts of the West with Central Asia.

On Jenkinson's second journey thither in 1562 he went with important commercial and diplomatic commissions on behalf of Ivan himself, which he executed to the Tsar's satisfaction. It is curious to think that Russia owed her earliest direct relations with the potentates of Turkistan to this Elizabethan—as it is sad to think that an Englishman today would probably be given a more discouraging reception, if indeed he were allowed to penetrate as far.

NOT that the Elizabethans did not come up against the difficulties so familiar to us, the same psychological traits, the endemic and apparently incurable suspicion, the touchiness, the differing conceptions of truth—or, as the Elizabethans thought, no sense of truth at all. The very first letter of the Muscovy Company warned its agents to "make your bargains plain and set them down in writing. For they be subtle people and do not always speak the truth, and think other men to be like themselves."

The new trade attracted the hostility of other European powers, especially the Danes, whose route through the Sound it bypassed, and the Swedes and Poles with whom Ivan was at war. The King of Poland protested to Elizabeth I: "Your Majesty cannot be ignorant how great the cruelty is of the said enemy, of what force he is, what tyranny he useth on his subjects, and in what servile sort they be under him. We seemed hitherto to vanquish him only in this, that he was rude of arts and ignorant of policies." Now—what would happen with Russia open to Western techniques?

For it was not only cloths and woollens that Ivan was after. We have a charming picture of the trade from the English side in the shipments the Company made: the colored cloths the Elizabethans delighted in, scarlet and violet, green and ginger and Watchet blue; the vessels of well-fashioned pewter, the silversmiths' ware. The Kremlin Museum today displays a fine Elizabethan coach sent over, along with silver and porcelain, relics of the trade. Then, too, experts were sent, doctors and apothecaries, engineers, boat-builders, artificers. Shortly, sailing barks were being built for traffic down the Volga, where only flat-bottomed barges and rafts had been seen.

But Ivan, willing to trade and eager for supplies, especially for war-material, had his mind on further, more ambitious objectives. He wanted an offensive and defensive alliance with England, that each power should take on the enemies of the other, that—as he told Jenkinson—"England and Russia might be in all matters as one." In addition, a meddling German who had been brought up in England, Dr. Elizius Bomel, put it into the Tsar's head that he might hope for the Queen's hand in marriage. It was no objection that after his first wife's death he had married again: that little affair could always be regulated. After all, Queen Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII—for whom Ivan expressed admiration—had set an example that other monarchs could follow.

Ivan wanted something else: a refuge in England in case his much-tried subjects drove him from the throne. In the first years of his active rule Ivan had been very successful: in 1552 he conquered the Tartar kingdom of Kazan, in 1554 that of Astrakhan; in 1558 he won a port upon the Baltic by taking Narva (in Esthonia), to which English merchants flocked at once—interlopers as the Company regarded them, a ground of grievance. But with the end of his first, and happy, marriage Ivan's luck turned and his character took a savage turn. Things went against him; he was convinced that he was surrounded by traitors; he saw conspiracies everywhere; violent persecution-mania set in. He began a series of ghastly purges, chiefly among the previous leaders of his règime; he put to death the ablest men among his former advisers, the most popular commanders of his armies, like Sheremetiev; he turned to persecuting the church and confiscating its lands, calling to mind Henry VIII's example in this respect. Soon he was killing whole families: a reign of terror prevailed in Russia. Jenkinson, most favorable of Englishmen to the Tsar as he was the most favored, reported home that by 1566 he had put to death and banished 400 of his nobles and gentlemen "for small offence" or none. The number was to swell to some 3,000 before the end. The Tsar had some reason to think in terms of a refuge for himself in England. But pride—and the familiar inferiority-complex—bade him demand a reciprocal request from Elizabeth that she would, if need be, take refuge in Russia.

Ivan now sent Jenkinson back with these demands and with a secret message for the Queen, which that taciturn, trusty man never divulged.

HERE was a pretty kettle of fish to tax all Elizabeth's vaunted powers of diplomatic finesse, and it cannot be said that she made a success of it. Perhaps it was in the nature of things impossible—as it was impossible to satisfy the pathetic demands of the tyrant.

But she need not have done so badly as she did: for one thing she need not have treated him so meanly. Her diplomatic position must command respect: she could not accede to an offensive and defensive alliance with Russia, for Ivan was at war with Sweden and Poland with whom she was at peace. Now the interesting thing is that the crisis of Elizabeth's reign coincided with that of Ivan: the years 1569-72 were years of acute crisis for her internally and externally: the Pope's excommunication and incitement of Catholics to rise against her, the conspiracy of Norfolk and Mary Queen of Scots, the Rising of the North, the switch-over of Philip of Spain to hostility. All the same, whatever her danger she would not allow the thought of seeking refuge elsewhere to cross her mind, let alone arouse her subjects' distrust. Very respect-worthy; also good politics.

What was not worthy of respect was the way she presented this all-round *non possumus* to Ivan. She first temporized, in her usual manner, that

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solved most problems. This did not pacify Ivan, who expressed his dissatisfaction: "now we perceive that there be other men that do rule, and not men but boers and merchants, which seek not the wealth and honor of our majesties, but they seek their own profit of merchandise." He was angered that the Queen would talk of nothing but trade with him, perceived well enough that he was being treated like an inferior. She made a mistake in not sending back Jenkinson, whom the Tsar had entrusted with his secret message to her alone.

Ivan now withdrew the trading privileges of the Company, refused to pay the debts owing to it, began to persecute its agents. This caused the trading Queen to react sharply, and she sent an embassy under an experienced diplomat, Thomas Randolph, who was very ill received—indeed, for months not received at all. He was kept under virtual house-arrest, with no provisions made for him, while the most savage scenes were enacted in Russia. In 1569 Ivan's second wife died—he declared she had been poisoned: like Stalin he had ill-luck with his wives. Upon Novgorod a fearful vengeance was wreaked for some fancied opposition: the city was the scene of open massacre and rapine by Ivan's personal bodyguard: it never recovered its earlier prosperity. For five months after the Tsar was engaged in a post-mortem inquiry into Novgorod's guilt: evidence was collected by torture and the guilt was established to Ivan's satisfaction.

We understand more about such methods of government nowadays: it was observable, as the inquisitors went on, that their aim was to incriminate the Tsar's present favorites. Then their own turn came. There were frightful scenes in the streets of Moscow, the dead and dying lying about in heaps. At the end of it all there was no one to question Ivan's ascendancy, as with Stalin's purges: it *was* a way of government, if you like that sort of thing. Many Communists in the 1930s did and went to their deaths praising Communism and exonerating the Great Brother. In the 1560s and 1570s many went to their deaths still speaking the praises of the Terrible, as he now began to be called. As a Russian envoy abroad declared when questioned, "We Russians are devoted to our sovereigns whether cruel or no." One is reminded of Karl Radek's opinion of the passive, submissive, inert Russian masses in the 1920s.

At last the situation cleared sufficiently for Randolph to be received and to present the derisory present the Queen sent at his hands. It is true that money was scarce with her at present, after the suppression of the Northern Rising, but she need not have been quite so mean. On Randolph's return she followed this up with an imperious letter protesting at her ambassador's treatment. This was too much for the Tsar: he had granted the English their trading monopoly, he had been generous in his grants of liberties and exemptions, he had given them his support against their rivals, and now, when it came to his demands, no notice was taken of them. He was no fool, and anybody could see that he was being treated with superciliousness and meanness. Moreover, he had expected a reply to his secret message to the Queen by the mouth of his trusted Jenkinson, to whom it was confided. Hurt and angry, Ivan annulled the Company's privileges and seized its property.

THIS was the time, 1571, when Ivan's fortunes touched their lowest point. Famine raged in the rich corn-growing country round Moscow, as Jenkinson had seen it at Astrakhan, with the Tartars dead in heaps, commenting somberly, "but how should they [the Russians] show compassion unto other nations, when they are not merciful unto their own." The Muscovy Company was more so, and for the first and only time shipped corn to Russia this year. There followed the revenge of the Tartars, who overflowed the upper country in a great horde and set fire to Moscow. In the conflagration the English house with its goods was destroyed, twenty-five of its servants burnt to death.

All this time Ivan was expecting an answer to his offers of matrimony and of mutual refuge—and by the person of Jenkinson. Meanwhile, further trouble was stirred up by a couple of traitorous Englishmen in the Company's service, one of them an interpreter giving false information to the Russians. With things at this pass the Queen at last saw that nothing but an embassy, with Jenkinson at the head of it, would do. It was doubtful if even he could repair the damage done, breach the mistrust. (For all his understanding, the real opinion of this respectable middle-class merchant on Ivan's troubles and the burning of Moscow was that it was "a just punishment of God for such a wicked nation.")

When Jenkinson arrived the rumor was that Ivan would have his head, such was his displeasure. Though not a little dismayed he went on up country, plague now raging along the route. Courage had its reward, and at Moscow he was received by the Tsar, who addressed him in words of friendly reproach, not without their pathos: "Anthony, the last time thou wast with us here, we did commit unto thee our trusty and secret message to be declared unto the Queen's Majesty herself, thy Mistress, at thy coming home and did expect thy coming unto us again at the time we appointed

(*Continued on page* 34)

**"All I can say is it's lucky I had a few leftovers in the house when you and your friends walked in!"**

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## LITERARY HORIZONS

### Documentary Fiction

By Granville Hicks

A FEW weeks ago, in writing about Edward Loomis's "End of a War," I commented on the continuing appearance of books about World War II. Since then, this magazine has reviewed at least two other war novels, and now I have a batch of three more.

In the nature of things, a war novel is likely to be autobiographical, and sometimes the line between fiction and personal memoir is hard to determine. Never has the line been less distinct than in the case of Lester Atwell's **"Private"** (Simon & Schuster, $5). A candid note by the publisher says: "Lester Atwell was born in 1908 in Brooklyn. . . . He went into the Army in June, 1943, and served until November, 1945. His original intention in taking notes was simply to keep some record for himself so that he would remember where he had been in the World War II campaigns and what had happened there. Only much later did he realize that he was writing a book—this book." Mr. Atwell completes the description of the character of the book by saying that, although he has changed unit designations and names of men, "I have tried to recall incidents as accurately as possible." He himself appears in the book under his own name.

"Private" is the story of an older man who was unexpectedly sent into action at the time of the Battle of the Bulge. Inadequately trained and at a disadvantage because of his age, Private Atwell not only managed to do his duty but took the occasion to observe his own behavior and that of his companions under pressure. After the Battle of the Bulge comes the invasion of a Germany that is obviously on the verge of collapse but nevertheless full of perils, and the latter chapters give a memorable account of a nation that is falling apart.

"Private" is to be classified as a novel only for the convenience of publishers and booksellers. It is no more a novel than E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room," and it is no more to be overlooked than that masterpiece of the First World War. I am not suggesting that Atwell writes with Cummings's originality and intensity; unfortunately, he doesn't; but, by virtue of a dogged honesty, he achieves his own kind of effect. Instead of lamenting the handicap of his age, he used his maturity as a weapon for the understanding of what went on, and the result is as convincing a book about modern war as I have ever read.

Dean Brelis does not proclaim that **"The Mission"** (Random House, $3.50) is autobiographical, but the jacket indicates that the novel is based on the author's experiences. It is the story of a young man in the OSS who, along with the son of a local leader, is parachuted behind the Japanese lines in Burma in late 1943. He and Pohm organize a fighting force of Kachins, which renders effective service as the Japanese are retreating from Myitkyina. Later, as the military situation changes, the force is ordered to blow up a steamer bringing supplies to the Japanese, and this mission is accomplished, though Pohm dies.

"The Mission" is at the opposite literary extreme from "Private." Instead of relying as Atwell does on something like total recall, Brelis is extremely selective, and his brief narrative is rigorously shaped. He has stylistic resources that Atwell lacks, and a feeling for effective literary devices. (For example, the hero-narrator does not try to describe his emotions on parachuting into the jungle, but later on he tells what he thinks another man must be feeling.) Brelis, in short, is a writer, and for that reason his novel is less documentary than the other two I am considering.

Having recently seen "The Bridge on the River Kwai" is a great asset when one attempts to visualize the setting of "The Mission," but Brelis does well on his own. For instance, in describing the trip through the jungle to the riverbank, he writes: "It was as if we were traveling in a time of prehistory when there was no sunlight; each day found the sky hidden and all but the nearest trees and vines concealed by a slinking perpetual mist." And then: "The land was straight for a few days, the walking level, then one twilight the mist lifted and standing ahead was a new range of mountains, and my eyes followed the purple lines and saw them as humpbacked sleeping camels. Now we felt an immense happiness as we left the swamp. . . ."

The narrator's admiration for the Kachins, and especially his loyalty to Pohm grow stronger and stronger until, after the death of Pohm, he is tempted to cast in his lot with the tribe. Pohm's father exposes the sentimentality of this impulse, but it is a mark of Brelis's power that the reader feels the reality of the temptation.

No German writer of World War II has taken hold of the imaginations of American readers as Erich Maria Remarque did after the First World War, but Hans Kirst in his novels about Gunner Asch has helped us to understand the character of the Wehrmacht, and in "The Cross of Iron" Willi Heinrich convincingly portrayed soldiers *in extremis*. The Heinrich novel, describing the German retreat from Russia in 1943, gives an extraordinary account of terrible exertion, terrible danger, and terrible hopelessness. It is a novel about men who are not merely doomed to die but are doomed to spend such life as remains to them in struggles and sufferings on the very margin of human endurance.

Although **"Crack of Doom"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.95) is much the same kind of novel as "The Cross of Iron," I find it less rewarding. The setting is the Carpathian Mountains in Czechoslovakia, and the time is December, 1944. So far as the novel can be summarized, it concerns a number of actions that take place as the Russians are beginning to break through on this front. We follow the experiences of a group of German soldiers, several groups of German officers, and a group of Czech partisans. The novel has no central character, but the person who gets the most space is Sgt. Kolodzi, a Czech.

As in "The Cross of Iron," one has a strong sense of the way the German Army is falling apart, but here the chaos the book is describing enters into the nature of the book. The point of view shifts rapidly from character to character, and some of the military actions are impossible to follow. Heinrich seems as surely to be writing out of experience as Atwell or Brelis, and he too convinces the reader that this is the way things were, but he has neither Atwell's calm objectivity nor Brelis's discipline.

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# And the Bell Still Tolls

***"Spain: A Modern History," by Salvador de Madariaga*** *(Praeger. 736 pp. $7.50), is a leading Spanish intellectual's record of his country's history from the nineteenth century through the turbulent years of Spain's Civil War. Our reviewer is novelist Ramón Sender, who was a brigade commander during the Spanish Civil War.*

By Ramón Sender

THE well-known Spanish author puts in order the political events which throughout the nineteenth century and the early twentieth led Spain to the convulsion of the civil war. We all know the outcome of that war. One of the belligerents won the last battle. And it is still enjoying power, thanks to the hard eloquence of the bayonets. In a certain way, then, the war has not yet ended, since a natural equilibrium has by no means been re-established.

The victorious band defends itself with censorship as well as the harsh prohibition of civil rights. And with the help of the American Department of State, which, incidentally, does not match the Latin American democratic spirit. Of course, Franco also uses the memory of 1,200,000 dead—official figures. Of these only 400,000 fallen on the fields of battle. And the others? Ah, the others . . . They no longer exist but Franco knows how to use their shadows.

Madariaga's position in "Spain: A Modern History" cannot be clearer and is expressed in a long paragraph quoted below in which the victors will acquiesce, while among the vanquished and their moral supporters it will provoke scandalous protests. Madariaga says:

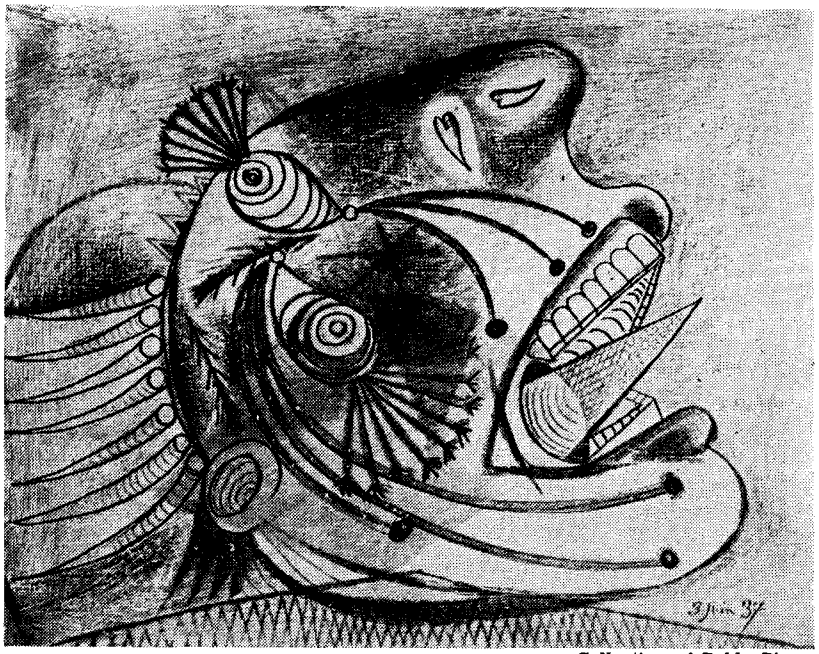
> Why had the Rebels won? The lazy answer, and the passionate, is: "Because they had the help of Germany and Italy." This answer will not do. Important though it was, this help was not crucial, and no honest and well-informed student of Spanish affairs would dare be dogmatic as to what would have happened if no foreign help whatsoever had accrued to either side. The chief reason for the failure of the Revolutionaries was the Revolution itself. When the Rebels rose, the Revolutionaries found that most of the springs of public force had gone over to the Rebel side. This in itself was due to the weakness which the Government had evinced for some time in matters of public order. Two alternatives remained for the leaders of the Republic: to get out of the way and let the military take charge, or to arm the people. The first would have been similar to the course King Alfonso had taken in 1931, when, faced with a popular rebuff, he was wise and patriotic enough to prefer his own exile to a civil war which he could have launched with much better chances of winning it than the Republican Government ever had. Had the Republican leaders imitated him, though this time the challenge was an illegitimate and rebellious one, they would have spared the country the horrors of the Civil War and the state of beggary and prostration in which she finds herself today. Moreover, they would have prevented the German and Italian inroads into Spain. In the end, military rule is never lasting in Spain, and experience shows that it always leads to further endeavors to establish parliamentary democracy. However, that did not happen. The leaders of the Republic chose the other alternative: they armed "the people," a hopelessly romantic conception dating from the French Revolution, which in actual fact meant arming a number of fiercely rival workers' unions, and chaos.

No one in the Spanish Republican camp will agree with Madariaga. In reality there is an obvious and grave lack of political sense in this opinion of Madariaga's. It is the opinion of a utopian "neutral."

Man must fight for freedom wherever the danger is present and whatever the conditions may be. As they used to say in Mexico in the times of Benito Juárez: "Better die on one's feet than live on one's knees." Of course, the Communists took this slogan in Spain, as a disguise.

WHAT didn't the Communists take in those three years in Spain? Everything except the enemy positions. Nevertheless Madariaga is right in something: in his criticism of Moscow. It is necessary to observe once again that it is easy to be right "twenty years later." But the trio "Negrín, Codovila—a South American mercenary of the Communist Third International—, and Alvarez del Vayo" was imposed by Stalin, the infernal grandfather. At different times Madariaga recalls in his book that Alvarez del Vayo was the Communist agent inside the Spanish Socialist Party—and at the end of the war, when everything had hopelessly deteriorated, the Communist agent inside the government.

The book is written with a skilful dialectic sense but if the author hits



*—Collection of Pablo Picasso.*

**Picasso's "Weeping Head" (study for "Guernica")—". . . the memory of 1,200,000 dead."**

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the mark when passing judgment on the Communists, he errs regarding the monarchists. His praise of the deceased King Alfonso, for instance, cannot fail to amaze us. For this a certain courage is necessary, it is true, and the author has it. Madariaga is the only one among writers of consideration who in our time has the temerity to praise Alfonso XIII, whom the monarchists themselves were only able to pardon after great casuistic efforts. Granting that Madariaga may be a monarchist—and he is within his rights—we cannot see why it is necessary to rehabilitate Alfonso XIII in order to make way for Juan III. On the contrary, the farther away his father's shadow, the bigger will be the chances of success of the actual pretender. We hope that he—Don Juan—is aware of this.

IF Don Juan follows in his father's footsteps the monarchy announced for this very year will not last as long as the Republic. And it will end in a similar catastrophic way.

In his works of historical exegesis and in his literary essays Madariaga's gifts are well known, and we have all praised them from time to time. His political abilities, however, one can question. In his book Madariaga remembers that in 1934 he was Minister of Public Instruction, during the Republic. The most important decree of his short term of office was the creation of a new decoration at the moment when the civil war was brewing. This decorative approach to the problem was not very helpful.

We hope that this time the panorama that could come out of his "exposition of facts" may not crystallize. Madariaga's previsions are those of a neutral spectator who from the other side of the English Channel is endeavoring to see things reasonably. Like all extreme "neutrals," Madariaga will bring upon himself every kind of disapproval. Actually we are not living in a period of neutral serenity but of inspired passion. The facts examined in "Spain: A Modern History," in spite of everything and contrary to the author's own foresight, may have in them implicit certainty of a not far distant democratic solution. Liberal monarchy? Republic? Any solution that contributes to the pacification of the country and improves the conditions of the people will be well received. But if a monarchy it must be a *liberal monarchy*. Which is a contradiction in Mediterranean countries. Statesmen must have natural gifts in this art of contradiction which is politics. Otherwise Spain will continue to be the victim of historic occidental evil.

—*From the book.*

Buddha figure on Mandalay Hill.

# Economic Blueprint

***"Building a Welfare State in Burma: 1949-1956," by Frank N. Trager*** *(Institute of Pacific Relations. 118 pp. $4), is an account of Burma's progress and economic development since becoming an independent nation. U Thant, Permanent Representative of Burma to the UN, assesses the study.*

By U Thant

DR. FRANK TRAGER, director of the Burma Research Project, New York University, was director of the TCA (Point Four) program in Burma from 1951 to 1953, and he has since then consistently taken an absorbing interest in Burma. The original draft of this book under review was prepared for the 1954 Kyoto Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and since then "its basic argument has been re-examined in the light of a growing body of data."

The book is a judicious and objective guide to the economic development of independent Burma. However, Dr. Trager has only 118 pages in which to cover the whole panorama of economic planning and activity for an underdeveloped country, and he can only do so by adopting handbook tactics. Cramped for space the author talks only in terms of facts and figures, movements and tendencies. This involves considerable sacrifice of analysis and interpretation.

This does not, however, in any way mitigate the validity of his principal arguments. He holds the view that the most serious defect in the total planning is that the drive toward industrialization has completely overshadowed Burma's basic economic activity: agriculture. He is convinced that agriculture has not received the attention it deserves in over-all government policy. He expresses doubt as to whether there will be an adequate number of top- and medium-level skilled technicians in scientific, engineering, managerial, and other fields, even for the curtailed four-year program. He is afraid that Burma's "thin layer" of top leadership may not be able, physically and psychologically, to handle the ever-present strains of the developmental program period, and he is equally afraid that this is true for the small group of experienced senior civil servants.

In spite of these doubts and fears, Dr. Trager is convinced that Burma is well on the way to a welfare state. His whole thesis is illumined by an unmistakable note of optimism. Among other premises on which he bases his optimism is the extraordinary rise in capital formation since 1950. The fixed capital formation at present is 78 per cent above the prewar level, and total gross capital formation is 26.8 per cent of gross domestic product, a percentage rarely exceeded anywhere in the world at any time. The revised four-year plan envisaged increased investment in agriculture, while all other sectors (except construction) were sharply curtailed. The program for the industrial sectors has been trimmed to more manageable proportions. The consequences of this trend of investment began to be evident in 1957.

The book is a well-documented economic essay on young Burma, but economic activities alone, however well directed, do not lead to a welfare state. What then is a welfare state? It is a compromise between the two extremes of Communism on the one hand, and unbridled individualism on the other, and as such, it sets a pattern for any humane, just, and progressive society. It guarantees a minimum standard of subsistence without removing incentives to personal enterprise. The conception of a welfare state, therefore, denotes several other services besides the adoption of well-meaning and correct economic measures. It comprises health services designed to secure improvement in the physical and mental health of the people and the formulation of educational policies directed toward the provision of a basic education for all, and the effective introduction of vocational and technical education. It also stipulates the training of our youth for good citizenship and democracy.

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# Prejudice Poll

***"Scratches on Our Minds," by Harold R. Isaacs*** *(John Day. 416 pp. $6.75), is a report on the attitudes of Americans toward Asian peoples. Our reviewer is Philip Wylie, author of "Generation of Vipers," and most recently, "The Innocent Ambassadors."*

By Philip Wylie

HAROLD R. ISAACS, former reporter, lecturer at Harvard, and erstwhile editor, war correspondent, Guggenheim fellow, and recent visiting lecturer at the New School for Social Research, in this book reports a specialized research into American attitudes toward his principal interest: Asians. He is the author of two books about that planet-half: "The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution" and "No Peace for Asia."

What he has demonstrated, in perhaps-too-complete detail, is the appalling fact that our most common attitude toward the Chinese and Indians, more than a third of all people, is based on trivia, rot, and prejudicial nonsense. A body of sleazy impressions signifies that nearly all of the 170 million Americans, though they sporadically pay homage to the humanity of sundry Asians, actually feel them to be subhuman, incomprehensible, and frightening, as well as so larva-abundant they cannot (really) belong to *Genus Homo* in the sense that the Daughters of the American Revolution and the members of the American Legion feel they are card-carrying human beings.

Mr. Isaacs's methodology might not satisfy Gallup and Roper, though it is a kind of polling. For the author chose, among his friends and acquaintances, a group of leaders in pedagogy, the arts, and professions—to which he added a sampling of missionaries and big-business executives. His technique, I feel, is valid for a reason not often contemplated by pollsters but one to which Edward L. Bernays, the eminent counsel on public relations, has brought much empirical proof. Mr. Bernays's thesis is that what American leaders think and feel and believe today will shortly become the common credo of common man.

The important panelees were approached amiably by Mr. Isaacs and as objectively as possible. Their willingness to contribute anonymously to a "scientific" study was readily elicited. But once the author began to ask the questions in his excellent version of what we now call "interviews in depth" many of these academic, business, and other burgraves were themselves stunned to discover their true impressions of the people of China and India—along with the moronic sources of those impressions.

I shall not spoil Mr. Isaacs's book for those inevitably many readers who will make their shocked (or unsurprised but sickened) way through the near-fantastic text—or for those many more who, I hope, will read the book to learn what imbeciles we are, in the main, when we "think" of Asiatic people and then try to help, direct, or reach them—whether out of charity or because we must be-brother them to save our American hides.

Let it suffice to say that "Scratches on Our Minds" reveals that the majority of the leading and best-educated Americans (and even of missionaries to China and India!) appraise a billion people—human as we and as intelligent, who today are coming formidably "awake" in our (dubious) Western sense of the term—by feelings rising from Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu, Kipling's "lesser breeds," and grade-school rhymes like the one we used to chant:

> Ching, Ching Chinaman
> Eats dead rats—
> Gobbles 'em down
> Like ginger snaps.

Authors like myself have long been sure the Communists intend to conquer the nonwhite world by phony "brotherhood"—whereafter the white remnant will collapse economically on the day it is denied those raw materials, forest products, and minerals without which white civilization cannot exist but which will then be owned by nonwhite Communists. That has been, after all, the Red program for forty years.

MR. ISAACS'S ghastly proof that we Americans, deep in our so-called hearts, are years, decades, maybe even generations away from being able to offer the peoples of China or India any semblance of that brotherhood and that equality-before-God which is the Christian essence and the fundament of freedom means that we have as yet no "counter" to Communist Cold War methods. And what booteth it to stalemate the H-bomb if the real weapons are *beliefs*—and ours are more ignorant (in some ways, even, more hellish) than the faith of those who work to set up a government on earth according to the very Laws of Hell?

We will be gobbled up, ourselves, like the ginger snaps we seem to be unless several scores of millions of Americans, who call themselves Christian, learn what the term was originally supposed to mean.

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Two American cartoonists' version of China. Left (Ficklen, *The Dallas News*): China in 1955—". . . an image that goes back to the barbarism of Genghis Khan and his hordes." Below (*Lewiston, Idaho, Tribune*): China when it was invaded by Japan in 1937—the China of "submissive, servile [people who] couldn't defend their country against the white man or the Japanese."

—*From the book.*

**THE CRUEL CHINESE:** It is an image that goes all the way back as an attribute of "Oriental character" to the barbarism of Genghis Khan and his hordes . . . Dormant in years when more favorable views of the Chinese were dominant, it has more recently been brought into the foreground again . . .

**THE INFERIOR PEOPLE:** . . . submissive; servile; passively accept things; slow; cannot solve their own problems; couldn't defend their country against the white man or the Japanese; never used their resources to become a modern nation like Japan; don't have any fighting spirit; being "yellow" means being afraid . . .

—From "Scratches on Our Minds."

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# Big Raid at Richmond

***"Night March," by Bruce Lancaster** (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 341 pp. $4.50), is a fictional account of the Union raid upon Richmond's infamous Libby Prison. Harnett T. Kane, who reviews the novel, is the author of many Civil War books, including "The Gallant Mrs. Stonewall."*

By Harnett T. Kane

THE "war of the brothers" has had few stranger, at times more hotly-disputed incidents than the raid of February, 1864, in which a band of determined Unionists slipped into Virginia for a wild, doomed attempt to free thousands of Northern men from Richmond's Libby Prison.

During the past few years at least three nonfictional studies have been made of the Kilpatrick-Dahlgren foray. *Per se*, the episode has much of the ring of a free-handed, freely-told story. Now the practised Mr. Lancaster, in his second consecutive Yankee-Confederate novel, has essayed a fictional presentation, based in part on the vivid subject, and come off better than his original protagonists.

It is quite a yarn. Eschewing the "biographical novel" technique or that of the tale based firmly on fact, the author offers a fairly free improvisation on his theme. He might have achieved a result at least as effective by confining himself to known personages and incidents. Nevertheless, as he explains, he has refashioned his people and their actions for a plausible narrative, choosing "those recorded paths that best suited the story."

In any event, Mr. Lancaster's main figures are a pair of cavalry captains, Kirk Stedman and Jake Pitler, and he drives them well down their route along the Rappahannock. They are captured and sent to the verminous, overcrowded Libby. Here the author achieves a fuming picture of men under the discipline of the bayonet, then permits his captains to escape as others did, across the South to Nashville. With his characters' meanderings Mr. Lancaster introduces the terror and horror of fighting at Franklin, and also the unmartial attractions of good-looking Lynn Stockdale, a Canadian girl with a heart that beat for the Confederacy.

Students of the period may question this or that minor detail, and at points the writer is not entirely convincing in his motivations. Nevertheless he is a superior storyteller, who can make his people and his chapters advance at a fine clip; his book has vigor and an over-all conviction. Wisely, too, he avoids the claim of some others that the Dahlgren party had orders to burn Richmond and kill high Confederate officials.

*—Jacket drawing from "Pharaoh."*

Hatshepsut—"... princess ... then pharaoh."

# Senmut's Sweetheart

***"Pharaoh," by Eloise Jarvis McGraw** (Coward-McCann. 509 pp. $4.95), is a broad-scale historical novel about the princess Hatshepsut, who became ruler of Egypt's empire in the fourteenth century B.C. The novel is reviewed by Edmund Fuller, whose book of criticism, "Man in Modern Fiction," was recently published.*

By Edmund Fuller

MRS. McGRAW presents a most disarming foreword to her large historical novel. Her story, she explains, makes no claim to be *how* anything happened, or even how it *might* have happened. She simply sets before us an ambitiously constructed fabric of ancient Egypt and says, *"What if* it happened this way?"

Her story is about the person who may well have been the first great woman ruler in human history, in Egypt of the fourteenth century B.C. This was Hatshepsut, daughter of Thutmose I, who had driven out the long-dominant Hyksos and established a new Egyptian empire. Hatshepsut was wedded to her brother, Thutmose II. When he died, after a short reign, she supplanted his young son by a concubine, proclaiming herself to be pharaoh and causing herself to be represented in masculine aspects on public monuments. During her reign she sponsored the famous expedition to Punt (Somali), one of the earliest voyages of exploration, and she also built a beautiful temple at Der el-Bahri, the remains of which still stand. After her death, Thutmose III, whom she had kept from his succession, began an extensive destruction of her name and memorials.

Such are the crude materials of Mrs. McGraw's narrative. The actual facts, inevitably, are obscure. Egyptologists piece them together in a number of widely variant theories. With a polite bow to them all, Mrs. McGraw goes her own frankly creative way with the storyteller's instinct for weaving her own probability out of many possibilities. She has prepared her ground by extensive study of everything she could find bearing upon the era and its culture, to be the basis for her elaborate pictorial reconstruction.

She has developed for us the beautiful Hatshepsut, as princess, then consort, then pharaoh. We see her as the reluctant and impatient wife of Nenni, the sickly son of their common father. We see her as the lover of Senmut, the architect whom she elevates to be her chief minister. We see her as aunt and stepmother, and supposed regent to the boy, Thoth, whose rage at her bold usurpation vented itself after her death.

The story is told competently, but conventionally, within its genre. It is basically romance, with many of the clichés of its kind, but without vulgarity or tedious eroticism. The publishers liken it to Mika Waltari's "The Egyptian." The comparison is not valid. Though Waltari, too, is a romancer, not above the devices of showmanship, yet he possesses a narrative power, a richness and originality of invention, even an intellectual force at his best moments, which Mrs. McGraw cannot match.

"Pharaoh" is not distinctive of its kind, but it is able and colorful and may please many readers with its speculative reconstruction of what must have been a remarkable time.

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# Location of Hell

***"The Girls on the Tenth Floor," by Steve Allen** (Holt. 188 pp. $30), is a collection of short stories and sketches by the well-known television humorist. Another leading American humorist, H. Allen Smith, the author of "Rebel Yell," reviews it below.*

By H. Allen Smith

THIS book is showcased as a collection of short stories, which it is not. It has a few short stories in it, but it also has a sermon—a real crazy sort of sermon in which the preacher has figured out (quite accurately) the exact location of Hell—and it has a number of sketches, and some things that, around *The New Yorker,* are called "casuals."

As a steady customer of Steve Allen's on Sunday nights I am confused by his book. In the first place, there are no laughs in it. There is satire in some of the pieces, but it is satire fighting with satire—on this page it goes in one direction and on the next page it heads straight up.

Mr. Allen has been saluted far and wide as a man of great versatility, and justly so, for he has been successful as a movie actor, as a jazz pianist, as a front-ranking television star, and even as a writer of fables and verse. I seem to remember that a year or so ago he even preached a sermon in a big New York church (perhaps the very sermon that appears in this book). He wrote an excellent nonfiction work called "The Funny Men," and there was another volume of short pieces preceding this one. Plus the poetry. Plus writing a song urging people to go to church on Sundays. Plus, plus, plus.

It may be that he is now beginning to suffer from the disease of Versatility. There are fifteen items in this book, and it almost seems that each piece was written by a different guy. Mr. Allen doesn't have a style—he has all styles. It is interesting to speculate on which famous writers have had the greatest influence on Mr. Allen. Ring Lardner comes through quite distinctly in one or two stories. So does Dorothy Parker, and Stephen Leacock, and Damon Runyon.

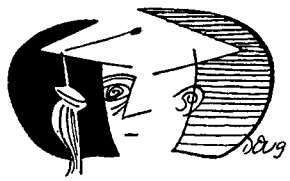
I can't even figure out where he stands on the matter of religion, which seems to concern him a great deal of the time. It is possible to read his religious pieces with the left eye and decide that the author is a follower of Billy Graham; using the right eye on the same material, one might conclude that Mr. Allen is as profound a skeptic as Bertrand Russell.

Having said all this, let me hasten to add that the pieces in this book are not bad. There is a story called "The Blood of the Lamb," about a maniac loose on a New York-to-Chicago plane, that has all the suspense and excitement anybody could ever want. There's a lynch story out of the South with an O. Henry windup. There's a remarkable story called "My Little Darling," about a middle-aged married couple and what talking baby-talk does to them.

Some of the other selections, however, have placed me completely in orbit.

**PREVIEWERS OF TOMORROW:** Now that space travel is just around the next scientific corner and science fictioneers have seen many of their predictions come true, it will be all the more interesting to see what our "other world" visionaries have in store for readers. The noted English astronomer Fred Hoyle offers his scientific colleagues what he calls a "frolic" with his first novel, **"The Black Cloud"** (Harper, $2.95). Poking into the future, Hoyle pictures a group of English astronomers who are in a considerable dither about a gas cloud which has invaded the solar system and threatens to throw the earth into absolute darkness. To stave off disaster, these scientists pit their intelligence against the cloud phenomenon and establish contact. It seems that the cloud has fantastic powers, and the scientists who expose themselves to it crack under the strain so that with them dies the new and strange concept of the universe which has been revealed to them. But even this cloud has a silver lining as it veers away to seek other victims in the solar system. Fred Hoyle's novel builds neatly and logically toward several dramatic moments and uses authentic-sounding calculations that are fun to check with pencil and paper.

Somewhat more experienced in the SF medium, Hoyle's countryman Arthur C. Clarke has selected his best science fiction short stories in **"The Other Side of the Sky"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). Where Hoyle's tone is satiric, Clarke's is effectively comic, bordering on slapstick. This is true in such stories as the "Cosmic Casanova," who makes overtures to an Arcadian girl by way of a TV screen only to have his ardor cooled when on landing he finds her to be a giantess. Most of the tales have O. Henry twist-endings so that it would not be cricket to give them away. There are times when Clarke seems utterly serious, especially when he offers poetic-philosophic speculations on religion in "The Star." On the whole, though, Clarke's stories are agreeable exercises in spookiness, smoothly told. They easily demonstrate why he rates high among today's previewers of tomorrow. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.



# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AUT OXON. AUT CANTAB.

Many famous literary figures attended either Oxford or Cambridge. Ved Mehta of New Delhi, India, submits the names of twenty such, together with the names of their colleges. He asks you to assign the right college to the right writer. Degrees conferred on page 33.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Edmund Blunden | ( ) | King's (Cambridge) |
| 2. Samuel Taylor Coleridge | ( ) | Jesus (Oxford) |
| 3. John Dryden | ( ) | Pembroke (Cambridge) |
| 4. T. S. Eliot | ( ) | Benét (Cambridge) |
| 5. John Fletcher | ( ) | Peterhouse (Cambridge) |
| 6. Thomas Gray | ( ) | Trinity (Oxford) |
| 7. Gerard Manley Hopkins | ( ) | Queen's (Oxford) |
| 8. A. E. Housman | ( ) | Somerville (Oxford) |
| 9. Samuel Johnson | ( ) | Hertford (Oxford) |
| 10. T. E. Lawrence | ( ) | St. John's (Cambridge) |
| 11. Christopher Marlowe | ( ) | Corpus Christi (Cambridge) |
| 12. John Milton | ( ) | Trinity (Cambridge) |
| 13. John Henry Newman | ( ) | Jesus (Cambridge) |
| 14. Dorothy Sayers | ( ) | Christ's (Cambridge) |
| 15. Percy Bysshe Shelley | ( ) | St. John's (Oxford) |
| 16. Edmund Spenser | ( ) | Pembroke (Oxford) |
| 17. Horace Walpole | ( ) | Magdalen (Oxford) |
| 18. Evelyn Waugh | ( ) | Merton (Oxford) |
| 19. Oscar Wilde | ( ) | University (Oxford) |
| 20. William Wordsworth | ( ) | Balliol (Oxford) |

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# Those Who Keep Faith with the Covenant

*The Hasidim, meaning "Pious Ones" or "Pietists," were originally a Hebraic religious splinter which c. 300 B.C. fought to preserve orthodoxy against the inroads of Hellenism. Whether or not they were predecessors of the Essenes, as sometimes asserted, they chose death rather than bow to Antiochus IV, who commanded them to embrace pagan gods and eat pork. Under the leadership of Baal Shem Tov, a modern sect with the same name (transliterated also as Chasidim, Chassidim, or Assideans) flourished in the eighteenth century among European and Oriental Jews. A large community of their descendants resides in Brooklyn, N.Y., where the bearded men with long curled sidelocks and their shorn, bewigged wives cling to the traditions and dress of their forefathers.*

## I. The Philosophy

***"Hasidism and Modern Man," by Martin Buber*** *(translated by Maurice Friedman; Horizon Press. 256 pp. $4), is elucidated for us by Arthur A. Cohen, author of "Martin Buber" (see page 19) and the forthcoming "The Making of the Jewish Mind."*

By Arthur A. Cohen

THE RELIGIOUS thinker must negotiate the narrow channel cut through the shoals of ecstatic mysticism (which would remove him from the concerns of the world) and enthusiastic activism (which would bind him too completely to the world). The seriousness of this problem has never been more apparent than in the life and thought of Martin Buber: How is man to introduce God into the world without diluting divinity or destroying the world? How is the world to be introduced to God without virtue driving out holiness or holiness nullifying the efficacy of virtue? The guide to Buber's instruction was his discovery, more than fifty years ago, of the world of Hasidism. More than any other thinker, it has been the work of Martin Buber which has availed Western man of the genius of Hasidism.

Although a number of his works on Hasidism have already been made available (notably "Tales of the Hasidim"), the revealing autobiographic essay, "My Way to Hasidism" and the enormously moving and profound essay "Love of God and Love of Neighbor" have had to await translation in his most recent book (the first of two volumes of his miscellaneous writings on Hasidism), "Hasidism and Modern Man."

The community of Hasidim, "those who keep faith with the Covenant," was founded in the early eighteenth century by Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer of Mezbizh (called the "Baal Shem Tov," 1700-1760). The Baal Shem Tov, Master of the Good Name of God, was not a teacher in any ordinary sense. Unlike St. Francis, the intimacies of whose life and teaching are organized and preserved by St. Bonaventura, the Baal Shem has left only legend upon legend to recall his life. Hasidism is not a teaching, but a species of community. Unlike most religious teaching—that of St. Francis or the Buddha, which press forward from teaching to community and life—Hasidism proceeds by the reverse path. Theology and teaching follow upon life. In its moment of assertion, Hasidism proceeded by the way of instruction and example.

This remarkable movement, which at one time numbered millions of adherents in the Jewish world, depended for its truth and appeal upon but a few primary intuitions: that the essential unity of creation precludes the artificial separation of the sacred and the profane; that a society which is content to conceive religion as independent of the totality of human life corrupts religion and desiccates life. Hasidism succeeded, as few movements have ever succeeded, in binding religion to the whole of human life, uniting the performance of good works to the intention which vivifies them, destroying the boundaries which cut off the evil from redemption and secure the righteous in their pride.

"Love of God and Love of Neighbor," the essay in "Hasidism and Modern Man" which most profoundly illumines the teaching of Hasidism and the contribution of Martin Buber to its interpretation, poses a classic problem:

> Shall one, asks ethics, do the good because the gods command it or because it is the good? In contrast, religion on its side poses the question: Shall one make the good primary at all, or that which God wills of one?

It is clear, as Buber has formulated the problem, that ethics concerns itself with the right motive for moral action, while religion wishes to know which of two kinds of action is superior. It is the same question which Plato formulated in the "Euthyphro" and Kierkegaard intensified in "Fear and Trembling." More directly, it is the question of the relation of virtue and holiness, the act which serves man and the act which serves God. To ask the question, however, in this manner presupposes its answer. If the holy may even be distinguished from the good, and the pursuit of the holy is essentially the love of God, it would then appear that holiness is superior to virtue and the love of God superior to the love of one's neighbor. Hasidism (relying upon the precedence of Scripture and the Rabbinic tradition) is well aware that no such distinction can or ought be drawn. The religious life, Buber and Hasidism make plain, cannot be conducted solely through the medium of ritual; the moral life cannot be pursued self-sufficiently through the autonomous activity of man. The religious and the ethical must be joined. Only where God sanctifies the good, and the virtuous concretize the Holy, can there be true religion and true ethics.

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# II. The Philosopher

***"Martin Buber," by Arthur A. Cohen** (Hillary House. 110 pp. $2), is appraised by Gabriel B. Schonfeld, who is educational director of the Beth El Synagogue in New Rochelle, N. Y.*

By Gabriel B. Schonfeld

MARTIN BUBER, whom Reinhold Niebuhr has called "perhaps the greatest living Jewish philosopher," has devoted a lifetime of profound thought to a re-evaluation of the essence of life and its complexities, and has pointed the way towards the moral regeneration of man. Now in his eightieth year, his writings are attracting an ever-widening audience, and bid fair to providing an important influence in the reawakening of the twentieth-century spiritual consciousness. Once understood and absorbed, Buber might come to be regarded as a teacher in the tradition of the Biblical prophets. Even though the essence of his thinking is deeply rooted in the Old Testament, his message is universal.

What has probably kept Buber from receiving the wider attention he certainly deserves is that his work is often lacking in lucidity and requires interpretation to reach a broader audience. Thus far, there have been comparatively few attempts at critical analysis. Until Arthur A. Cohen's "Martin Buber," most noteworthy among these in English have been by Maurice Friedman and Will Herberg.

Arthur Cohen, a young scholar, author of several essays on Jewish theology and philosophy, has proved himself more than equal to this prodigious task by producing a brilliant and penetrating study, which concentrates on Buber's pursuit of the holy. For, although Buber has concerned himself with the broadest range of subjects that have included human existence, social life, Western and Eastern philosophies, education, Zionism, Christianity, and even politics, perhaps the most powerful single theme underlying his thought has been the belief in the "eternal activity of God."

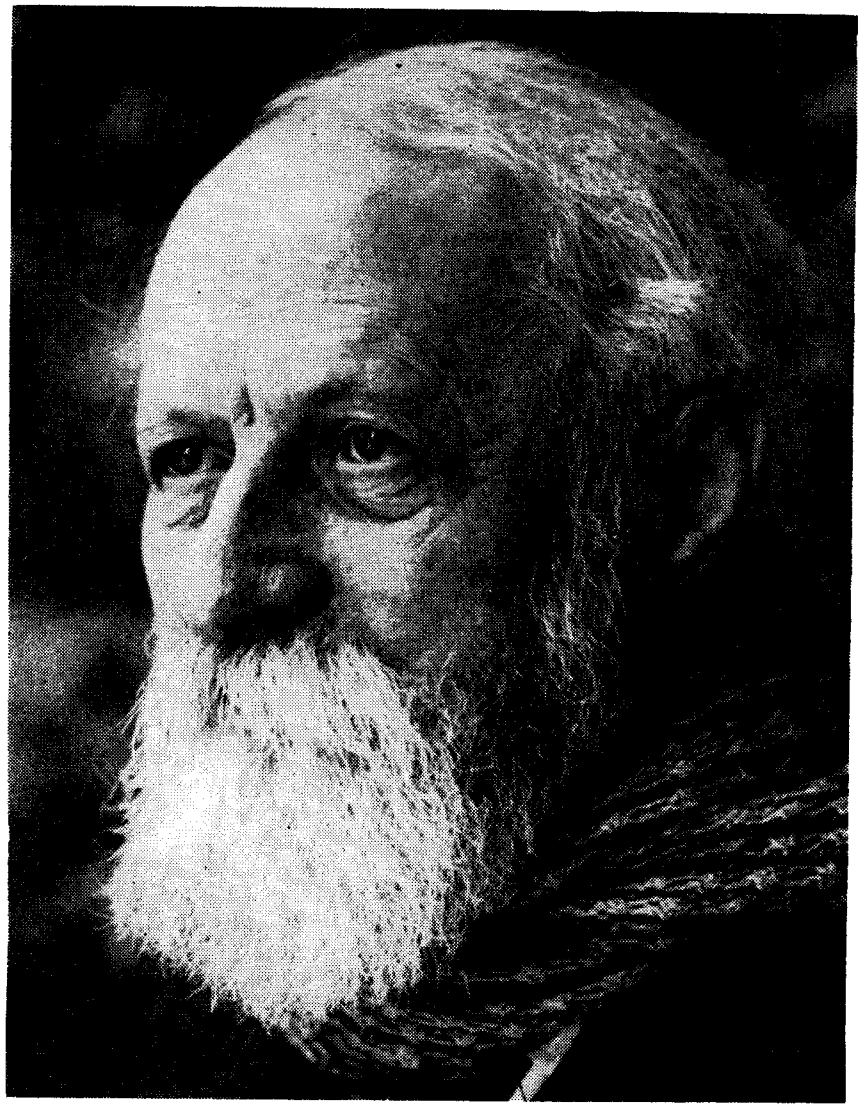
Mr. Cohen succinctly points up the contrast between the rational conclusions of modern philosophy, and Buber's rather mystical but always human views on God. "Having ascertained that there is no avenue by which God may be known," says he in his introduction, "[modern philosophy] has concluded that God does not exist . . . Buber, on the contrary, having affirmed that God is never available to logical or empirical proof, can maintain the continued eternal activity of God. God has merely been shrouded by man. He has been covered over. It is for man to remove the veil."

Endeavoring to heal the breach between religion and our everyday life, Buber himself has summarized this crisis of modern man by observing that "the simple truth is that the wretchedness of our world is grounded in its resistance to the entrance of the holy into lived life . . . Man cannot approach the divine by reaching beyond the human. To become human is what he, this individual man, has been created for." It is entering "into relation" that makes man really man. From this process, which takes place in what he calls the "meeting," or "encounter," human life acquires absolute meaning.

Essentially, Buber's concepts stem from a new method in the art of living which he came to designate as "the life of dialogue." Reciprocal relationship between man and man, or subject and subject, which he calls "I-Thou," is the personal dialogue which forms the basis for true living.

The antithesis to "I-Thou" is "I-It," or the relation of a person to a thing, or subject to object. The predominance of "I-It" in this world is the source of evil. If man can overcome his selfish tendencies to relate exclusively to other "things," and learn to relate harmoniously to his fellow human beings and to nature itself, he can achieve salvation, or come to know God and holiness.

THIS, Buber's basic philosophy, was first published in 1923 in his 100-page "I-Thou." Mr. Cohen's volume, not much longer, sheds a great deal of light on it. It is worth-while reading for the serious thinker, and certainly merits the attention of the scholar.



Martin Buber—". . . has pointed the way towards the moral regeneration of man."

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# Emotional B-12

***"They Gathered at the River," by Bernard A. Weisberger*** *(Little. Brown. 345 pp. $5), tells of famed revivalists and the role they played in America's religious growth. It is reviewed by Roland H. Bainton, professor of ecclesiastical history at Yale.*

By Roland H. Bainton

A FOOTNOTE to this work expresses the hope that someone will "do" Lyman Beecher with the requisite admixture of "sympathetic understanding and judicious skepticism." Just such a combination the author has sought to apply to the whole story of American revivalists. The emphasis is placed on the period after 1800 though brief attention is given to Jonathan Edwards and the First Great Awakening. Revivalists rather than revivals constitute the theme but the treatment is not rigidly biographical. There is a judicious blending of movements and men. The prime figures are Peter Cartwright, Timothy Dwight, Asahel Nettleton, Nathaniel Taylor, Lyman Beecher, Charles Finney, Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, and Billy Sunday.

The style is pungent and picturesque, spiced with racy quotations and vivified by colorful metaphor. "The frontier," we are told, "sucked congregations out of settled tabernacles." Educated young ministers reminded Peter Cartwright of a "gosling that got the straddles by wading in the dew." The author refers to the "barbaric yawp of the old frontier awakenings." Of Finney it is said that "a trace of bigotry flavored all his days," and of Nettleton that "his little candle guttered dimly between the blazing lights of Finney and Beecher."

But this book is more than a catena of sparkling phrases and scintillating personal sketches. It does undertake to describe revivalism as a phenomenon in American culture. The author avows at the outset his intent to describe revivals "in purely secular terms." He will not enter into the psychology of conversion and will treat of theology only very briefly. In that case what is left to describe save the outward manifestations—the vocabulary of the evangelists, the flinging of sulphur, the groans, swoonings, and jerks, the variation of techniques depending on whether the public was rural or urban, frontier or settled, agricultural or industrial, pre- or post-Darwinian, and so on? One has the impression that revivals were periodic injections into the body of a flagging church with the decision to stick the needle into the arm, the thigh, or the buttocks, depending on where the patient was least sore.

Obviously, no one would deny that the vocabulary of revivals has been continuously revised, but the experience of an intense emotional upheaval and the forms and manifestations of that upheaval cannot be adequately accounted for in terms merely of a particular culture. The author admits that his generalizations are not universally valid because he has confined himself to the American scene. Had he gone wider afield, some of his generalizations might never have been made. Revivalism has been recurrent in Christianity since Pentecost. During the eighteenth century it was an all-European phenomenon.

Its cultural attachments varied greatly. In Germany, Pietism appealed to the aristocracy and the middle classes. In England, Methodism had its strength among the proletariat, who by reason of the revival became middle class. At the same time the Irvingite movement, characterized by speaking in tongues, had its following among the intellectuals. In this country the First Great Awakening swept the entire Atlantic seaboard without regard to class, and the Second enlisted not only the frontier but also New England.

THERE is a tendency to overdo the discontinuities of the periods. A great gap is seen between the spontaneous outbursts of Edwards's day and the organized campaigns of our own. There is unquestionably a difference but the earlier awakenings were not devoid of strategy. The activism of the frontier is contrasted with the settledness of colonial New England, but then New England was highly active with its aspiration to establish holy commonwealths. The cleavage between the doctrine of predestination and revivalism is overemphasized. Predestinarian New England was revivalist and that well before Jonathan Edwards.

The query at the end of the book as to whether revivalism can adapt itself to contemporary conditions might have been answered if the book had stopped not with Billy Sunday but with Billy Graham.

The dissent here expressed is testimony to the worth of a serious portrayal which invites discussion.

# The Value of Being an Individual

***"The Undiscovered Self," by C. G. Jung*** *(translated by R. F. C. Hull; Little, Brown. 113 pp. $3), is an eminent psychotherapist's inquiry into the nature and value of the individual. Our reviewer is M. Esther Harding, a psychologist practising in New York, who wrote "Journey Into Self."*

By M. Esther Harding

THE thesis of this most profound and stimulating little book is the relation of the individual to the collective, a problem whose importance is emphasized by the division of the world into two rival camps, and by the threat of world destruction. This condition corresponds to the split which occurs in an individual who is suffering from neurosis or mental illness.

The individual has become absorbed into the collective. The State has usurped his freedom, not only in the totalitarian countries, but in the democracies as well, where the humanitarian desire to help the underdog, based on Judaeo-Christian ethics, has led to an increasing dependence on the welfare state. The trend towards collectivism has been reinforced by the scientific attitude, whose emphasis on the average truth disregards individual differences, and so robs the individual of his human dignity. Dr. Jung's argument unfolds with a penetrating and convincing logic.

The one safeguard the individual has ever had against the encroachments of the State is his dependence on an inner authority, independent of the State, namely his relation to God. But when the function of religion is taken over by an organized church, the personal experience is replaced by adherence to a creed, and the individual loses his true dignity and becomes merged in a mass movement.

HOW can the individual acquire this kind of direct experience of an inner authority? Jung points out that most people do not know the ground of their being, but think of themselves as being only what they know

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of themselves consciously, ignoring the fact of the unconscious psyche. Consequently they project all those elements of which they are unconscious upon others. Nations do exactly the same, so that the "other," the one on the other side of the Iron Curtain, seems to be the dangerous and wicked enemy. And the world is split into two camps, just as the individual is split in himself.

Such a split is not cured by good advice. It can only be remedied by the growth of self-knowledge. The psychiatrist faced with such a problem has no easy solution to offer. He has to face the questions which the patient, or his sickness, puts to him. And "the deeper his understanding penetrates, the more do general principles lose their meaning." Only an individual solution, based on an experience of the inner authority, can resolve the individual's conflict. This approach emphasizes the essential value of the individual, "and could lead to an arrant subjectivism against which society has an indisputable right to protect itself. [To the extent that] society itself is composed of de-individualized persons, it is completely at the mercy of ruthless individualists" (*i.e.*, egotists) and can readily succumb to a dictator.

Unfortunately, the churches, too, seek the power large numbers can give, in spite of the fact that their function is to care for the individual soul and to help him to achieve rebirth, necessarily an individual experience.

IN his final chapters on "self-knowledge" and its "meaning" Jung deals with the vital question "Have I any religious experience and immediate relation to God, and hence that certainty which will keep me, as an individual, from dissolving in the crowd?" A positive answer to this question can only be given by one who is willing to fulfill the demands of a rigorous self-examination and self-knowledge. By doing so he will have succeeded in "deeming himself worthy of serious attention and sympathetic interest" and will have "taken the first steps towards . . . the only accessible source of religious experience." "Happiness . . . and meaningfulness of life . . . can be experienced only by individuals and not by the State."

For this reason Jung declares he is "concerned with the fate of the individual human being—that infinitesimal unit on whom a world depends, and in whom, if we read the meaning of the Christian message aright, even God seeks his goal."

# "In the End of Days"

***"More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls," by Millar Burrows** (Viking. 434 pp. $6.50), is a new study and interpretation of the most recent discoveries from the ancient Qumran library. James Muilenburg, our reviewer, is professor of Hebrew and Cognate languages at Union Theological Seminary in New York.*

By James Muilenberg

MILLAR BURROWS here undertakes to record the progress that has been made in the study of the Dead Sea Scrolls since the publication of his book on the subject in November, 1955. New scrolls have been discovered, which may well surpass in importance those from the original cave. Many of the fragments from Cave 1 and some from Cave 4 have been published, and Burrows gives his own translation of a number of these, including the important Rule of the Congregation, the prayer of Nabonidus, and a selection of the commentaries, as well as the Genesis apocryphon. We are now gaining some impression of the size and character of the Qumran library. Burrows estimates that it contained some 400 documents. About a fourth of these are Biblical; the rest include commentaries, paraphrases, collections of Biblical passages (*e.g.*, the so-called messianic testimonia), some of the apocrypha (Tobit, Ecclesiasticus) and pseudepigrapha (the apocalypse of Enoch, Jubilees), phylacteries, and devotional works. Hundreds of articles, monographs, and books have appeared during the past two years, and of these Burrows takes special account in this new book.

Startling claims have often been made about the bearing of the scrolls upon the New Testament and the early Christian movement. It has been said that Jesus was an Essene, that He was profoundly influenced by their teachings and that His life, death, and resurrection find striking parallels in what the scrolls have to tell us about the Teacher of Righteousness. Burrows examines the evidence for these claims carefully, judiciously weighing the possibilities and probabilities in each case. He is aided in his inquiry not only by his acknowledged competence as a Biblical scholar, but by his familiarity with the other literature of the period (*circa* 150 B.C.-A.D. 68).

His conclusions are conservative. Like his first book, this work is a minimal statement. He is not much impressed by the connections between John the Baptist and the Qumran sectaries, but he does not mention almost a score of parallels that have been adduced by other scholars. He rightly says that we know very little about the Teacher of Righteousness and that there is no evidence that he was considered in any way divine. The originality of Jesus as a teacher is in no way impaired. He cites a substantial number of striking parallels between the Qumran covenanters and the early Jerusalem church and says they have much in common. He sees no sacramental significance in the ablutions and communal meals, however. Despite the differences between the two groups, he admits that there may have been some contacts between them. He calls attention to similar ideas and interests in the apostle Paul and the men at Qumran, especially in their common emphasis upon "justification by faith," but he rejects the interpretation of Habakkuk 2:4 of faith in the person of the Teacher of Righteousness. He believes that the real background for the Gospel of John is to be seen in sectarian Judaism, but does not believe that on that account the Gospel is to be dated early. His general conclusion is that the similarities between the scrolls and the New Testament have been exaggerated.

The discussion of the beliefs of the sect centers chiefly upon their messianic views. It looked forward to the coming of two messiahs and the prophet. Burrows makes a number of interesting and suggestive comments about the prophet, but the treatment is not as complete as one might wish. Considerable attention is given to the

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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# The Toast of Warsaw

Warsaw.

THE headlines in the newspapers that reached here from New York told of the Vice President of the United States being stoned and reviled by student demonstrators in South America. There were no headlines, however, about the fact that on the other side of the world, in a country under Communist control, a small group of Americans were being garlanded and thunderously acclaimed.

It may not have made news in Washington, but here in Warsaw a company of sixty-five visitors from the United States were the toast of the town. They were cheered wherever they went; Warsaw was theirs. Most of them are young Americans in the age range from nineteen to twenty-five. They are members of the touring American Ballet Theatre. Their performances here quickly turned into sellouts. Indeed, their last program had to be moved from the Opera House to the mammoth "Palace of Culture" and played on a stage that had no facilities for scenery—in order to accommodate the oversized crowds.

I arrived in Warsaw only two hours before the final performance of the American Ballet. In the lobby of the Hotel Bristol I heard people inquiring about tickets with the kind of intensity one usually associates with a flurry for seats to "My Fair Lady" in New York or the World Series. The shift to the larger auditorium in Warsaw had more than doubled the number of seats available; even these had all been snapped up. Nor were the tickets inexpensive; the cost of a single seat came to about 20 per cent of the average weekly Polish salary. Judging from the enthusiasm of the people, however, they considered the tickets a bargain at any price.

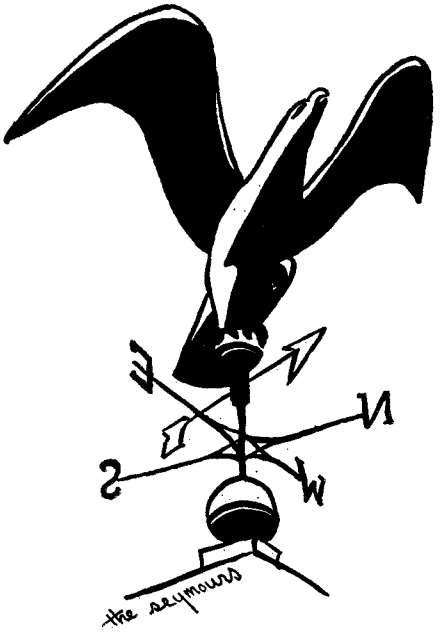
There had not been too much fanfare when the American Ballet Theatre Company first arrived in Warsaw for a series of eleven performances. But the first program rang the big bell. The Polish music and ballet critics, among the most seasoned and sophisticated in Europe, used superlatives in their reviews. The word-of-mouth was equally enthusiastic. The Poles know their ballet. They have seen the best—Russian, French, English, and their own. And they were now talking about the American company in terms that put it at the top.

An hour after my arrival in Warsaw, I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Frank J. Lewand, an attache from the United States Embassy, which had helped to arrange for the visit of the American ballet. With what I considered a feat of heroic legerdemain, Mr. Lewand presented me with a ticket to the final performance that evening. The ticket turned out to be his own. I gave up my feeble protests when he assured me that he could arrange for an extra chair in one of the boxes.

The "Palace of Culture," where the ballet was shown, is a massive enterprise in stone and spire. It is a thirty-five story structure modeled after the Moscow University skyscraper which was presented to Poland as a gift from Josef Stalin. My Warsaw taxicab driver remarked wryly that the gift was paid for by the Polish people. The Palace combines a maximum number of architectural styles with a minimum of artistic success. It has a broad columned and curving base that is somewhat at odds with the towering shaft above it. The entire affair is crowned with a curlicued spire that must give passing clouds an uncomfortable time. Inside the building are exhibition halls, galleries, auditoriums, banquet halls, a swimming pool, community center facilities, and endless offices.

It was in the large auditorium in the Palace that the American Ballet was scheduled to perform. The weather was bleak and threatening, but this didn't deter the Polish people. Their mood was gay and expectant as they converged from all sides on the Palace. Their clothes were not stylish or expensive but were neat and in good condition. No single age group predominated. The faces added up to no single national entity; they would not have seemed out of place in Chicago or Milan or Manchester or Marseilles. Yet there was one thing about them that could be clearly defined: there was nothing frivolous or tentative in their manner. They carried themselves with obvious pride and quiet strength. That they had been through a great deal could not be altogether hidden. Their nation had been a busy thoroughfare for invaders and an arena for human slaughter. If the story of human misery in our time is ever fully told, one of the early chapters would have to be devoted to Warsaw. It was Warsaw that had been invaded, bombed, burned, and pillaged by the Germans. It was Warsaw that had been shot up, overrun, and occupied by the Russians. It was in Warsaw that 450,000 Jews had been sealed into an enclosure by the Nazis and exterminated. There was hardly a person going to the ballet that evening who hadn't lost at least one member of his immediate family in the destruction of the city by the Germans or in the Russian occupation at war's end.

Through it all, however, the Poles have retained their dignity as indi-



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viduals and have held on to their national pride. They have managed somehow to cling to something else—their love of beauty and their delight in a group esthetic experience. Chopin and Paderewski continue to be the eternal national heroes. The bitterness of the past twenty years may have eclipsed the national spirit of romanticism, but it hasn't shattered it.

It was most appropriate, therefore, that the first number of the ballet that evening should have been "Les Sylphides," based on the music of Chopin, with instrumentation by Benjamin Britten and choreography by Michael Fokine. Britten's scoring is comparatively recent and the American Ballet Theatre company was in the happy position of being able to introduce it to a Polish audience.

Before the curtain went up on "Les Sylphides" I surveyed the auditorium. It had a quality of pleasant strength and elegance without ornateness, in contrast to the external design. The audience quieted down in the few seconds it took to dim the lights. The curtain went up on a stage without scenery and the ballet began.

Within five minutes the audience was interrupting the performance with its applause. The people gasped with delight at the youth and dashing freshness of the dancers. They were enchanted with the gay, crisp mood. They were captivated by the clicking precision of the corps de ballet.

The Poles relish classical ballet; and it was interesting to see their response to the second number, "Fancy Free," the well-known modern sketch by Jerome Robbins, who did the choreography and libretto, and Leonard Bernstein, who wrote the music. At first, it seemed as though the audience was straining to comprehend a strange accent. But then, almost all at once, the modern language became clear and the audience allowed itself to be caught up in the insistent new rhythms and sharply-angled contours of the choreography and music. They burst into laughter at the comic passages. Then they showed their appreciation by clamorous applause.

The final number was David Lichine's "Graduation Ball," to music of Johann Strauss. This was a spirited and resplendent affair, played with high color and a sense of infectious fun. During the last few minutes, the audience got into the act, clapping in time to one of the marches. The people were enjoying themselves and were obviously grateful. At the curtain, the audience gave the entire cast a standing ovation. They called for Miss Lucia Chase, the resourceful and imaginative general manager of the ballet, and cheered loudly when she came on stage. And they showed their particular appreciation for artists like Erik Bruhn, Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Violette Verdy, and Ruth Ann Koesun. They insisted that Samuel Krachmalnick, the vigorous young American conductor from St. Louis who led the Polish orchestra, share in the spotlight.

—*Sovfoto.*

**Warsaw's "Palace of Culture"—"maximum of styles . . . minimum of success."**

In the lobby, I chatted with some of the Polish music critics. They were comparing the relative merits of the American Ballet Theatre with the Bolshoi and the Ballet Russe. Strictly in terms of spectacular effect, the Russian ballet companies were still supreme, with casts of more than 200 and with all sorts of grandiose facilities. But the critics felt that in the matter of pure ballet the American dancers had a spirit and precision and artistry that gave them a pronounced superiority.

One of the Polish critics observed that he found himself changing his mind about the United States. He had long been persuaded that the American people were culturally barren; he had come to accept chewing gum and the smoking revolver as twin symbols of life in the U.S. This impression, he said, had been less the result of hostile propaganda than of American movies he had seen before the war. But any country that could support ballet of a quality he had just seen, and concert artists like Roman Totenberg, who had recently played in Warsaw, had to be regarded as an important cultural force.

On our way back to the hotel, I learned from Mr. Lewand that the American Ballet is only one of a fairly substantial number of cultural events planned for Poland. The next major American company to visit Warsaw will be the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. Negotiations are also under way to bring over the Julliard String Quartet. And Leopold Stokowski would be visiting Warsaw at any moment.

A fortunate aspect of our cultural relations with Poland is that there is no large-scale program for the importation of American moving pictures. Despite a conspicuous improvement in the dominant themes and quality of American movies in recent years, Hollywood still represents a profoundly damaging liability in our relations with the rest of the world. State Department officials in the field make no secret of the fact that the job of interpreting America and creating a good name for it is made many times more difficult by the image of America as projected by the American movie. It is not easy for many men in the moving picture industry to accept this fact; but if they had to work on the firing line abroad, where misconceptions of the American people are easily exploited to our serious disadvantage, they might get over their rather casual attitude toward the effect of our films on foreign audiences.

IN any event, the reputation and standing of the American people seem to be fairly healthy in this particular part of the world—at this moment, at least. In substantial part, this is the result of the successes scored by our cultural ambassadors. And among these, the young Americans of the Ballet Theatre must be regarded as something akin to conquering heroes.

When the Vice President of the United States recently returned to Washington from South America, where he had been stoned and spat upon, he received a tumultuous reception. The sixty-five young Americans who were showered with flowers in Warsaw, a city behind the Iron Curtain, will be returning to the U.S. soon and may be equally deserving.

—N. C.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### DESCENT INTO CRITICISM

I DON'T MIND Howard Mumford Jones's heartfelt disapproval of my "Man in Modern Fiction" (*SR* May 17). The book's unmentioned subtitle, "Some Minority Opinions on Contemporary American Writing," indicates that it was expected to elicit disagreement. What pains me is Mr. Jones's inaccurate and fragmentary reporting of what the book says and contains. Because I criticize much fiction, Mr. Jones says of me, "he wants to alter the fiction." I say no such thing. My book says, "The writer can only portray the world he sees, and so *must* portray it." I do not deny some value to any portrayal, but I say that the nature and validity of a writer's vision of life is a major element in evaluation of his work, and I urge a more responsible attention to that by writers and critics.

What he dubs my "call to repentance" suggests pious moralizing, and he implies that I might yearn to "convert" the erring novelists to Christianity—a notion he did not find in the book. I *do* assert that current images of man need reappraisal, "whether we are Jews, Christians, or of any other persuasion; whether we profess any religion or not . . ."

He says that I "lay about mightily regarding the evil of 'From Here to Eternity' and 'East of Eden'" as if I equated those books in moral outrage. In fact, in separate chapters of different intent I show by examples some absurdities in James Jones's concepts of character, and the different sort of intellectual unsoundness of Steinbeck's conception, in his Cathy Ames, of absolute evil existing through genetic freak. Mr. Jones offers no opinion about either case.

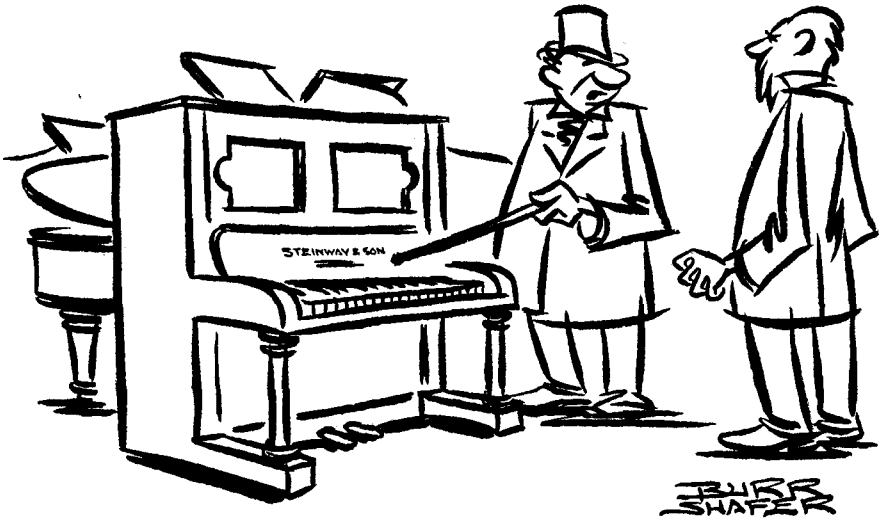
Apparently he deplores the fact that I didn't write my book in the jargon of the academic critics. Quoting my use of a homely expression ("descending" into journalism, he calls it), he flings high his hands in a very ecstasy of academic horror, crying, "This is scarcely the way to write serious literary criticism." Serious literary criticism is not a game of styles but an engagement of ideas. This book is full of ideas, whether they be sound or unsound ones, but Mr. Jones disdains to engage with any of them. I prefer challenge to peevishness.

I wish he had descended into journalism enough to report more fully what is in the book. It assails a widely current phony compassion; it discusses the current cult of the "beat" generation. It cites the difference between the clinical and the artistic. It offers detailed evidence in questioning several highly inflated literary reputations. It raises questions that demand answers, whether mine be the right answers or not. Mr. Jones acknowledges the existence of very little of this material. None of it does he discuss.

Come, Professor, this is scarcely the way to write serious book reviews.

EDMUND FULLER.

Kent, Conn.




THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

**"Now if you do give me the franchise to distribute your pianos in my territory, Mr. Steinway, I would like to have the name 'J. Wesley Smith' instead of yours put on them. I believe it would have more prestige locally."**

### DRAWN ARGUMENT

FOR "THE OPEN UNIVERSE," by Edgar A. Mowrer (*SR* Apr. 19), I congratulate *SR* and the artist who illustrated the title with a claustrophobic drawing of a truly man-enclosed, mind-grasped universe. It adds powerfully to the arguments.

ANITA BLUM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The artist was Artur Marokvia, of New York City.*

### THEORY AND PROOF

MOWRER SUGGESTS that the behavioral sciences should not act on unproved theories, but wait—for what, he does not say. Knowledge does not come to him who waits; it comes to him who asks questions. The basis for good questions is a theory, and a theory is used so long as it leads to such questions. When it no longer asks fruitful questions, it is abandoned for another theory. Theories, therefore, are quite expendable—they are also unprovable, for they are neither true nor false. Thus, Mowrer's implied criticism of "conceivably unprovable theories" is no criticism, but simply a statement of fact, a condition scientists accept as part of the game. Lacking proof of a theory does not prevent us from using it; it only adds uncertainty to the experimental quest.

DONALD P. SPENCE.

New York, N. Y.

### CERTAINTY AND HUMANITY

IN COMMENTING on my article both J. M. Martinez and Edward S. Weyl seem to request an answer from me. Both seem to question the validity of Heisenberg's indeterminancy or uncertainty principle. The answer can be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, article "Science" (1957 Edition):

> . . . the principle called "indeterminancy" or "uncertainty" . . . runs athwart the whole view of scientific determinism . . . (Yet) a serious misunderstanding has arisen. It has been assumed that, because the most minutely exact prediction may be impossible to us human beings, physical action is ultimately indeterminate. But the one thing does not follow from the other. Whether nature is indeterminate or not is an entirely different question from whether we can or cannot ascertain all her determinate elements. The indeterminate element may be in ourselves.

Which is what I was trying to say.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

### NOT DESCRIBING BUT PROPOSING

ONE CAN BELIEVE in physical indeterminism, biological spontaneity, and human freedom and be a determinist in science, for science does not consist in describing the world as it is supposed to be *in se*, but in proposing hypotheses or ideas.

GÉRARD DELEDALLE.

Sousse, Tunisia.

### RARE PERCEPTION

I HAVE JUST finished reading "Anna Karenina" and have a vivid mental image of Veslovsky, whose habit it was to sit always "with one fat leg crossed under him." And now behold *SR*'s cover illustration of Apr. 19: Leo Tolstoy writing while sitting on one of his legs. Could he have had the rare faculty of seeing himself objectively?

ANNE T. STEVENS.

Northboro, Mass.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# The Sweet Smell of Excess

LONG before the titles appear at the opening of Alfred Hitchcock's new **"Vertigo"** (Paramount), James Stewart chases an unknown bandit across the rooftops of San Francisco, slips, and almost falls to his death. It makes a very exciting sequence, but unfortunately one that has little to do with the story that follows. Similarly, Orson Welles introduces his **"Touch of Evil"** (Universal)—written, directed, and acted by Welles—with a time bomb being placed in the trunk of a car, a barrage of bongo drums on the soundtrack, and a dandy explosion a few moments later. Again the scene is tremendously effective; but it is quickly apparent that Welles had constructed it (and almost everything else in his picture) for its visual sock. The whodunit quality it establishes is so far from the core of his film that he perfunctorily tosses in the solution to the mystery before the picture is half over. Director Welles is much too busy angling his camera at a plethora of marvelously baroque settings, costumes, and faces to bother about the original premise of his story.

What has happened in these two films by two enormously talented directors is woefully symptomatic of the failures of many a less gifted man today. They have given us surface cinema, the externals of excitement, invention, and tempo without concern for rhyme or reason. The Hitchcock film, in fact, proved so mystifying to its preview audiences that it went back to the studio for the addition of a few clarifying scenes. Both pictures are replete with thrills and chills created by a knowing use of the camera. Welles, whose film is both tighter and briefer than Hitchcock's, actually manages to keep his visuals constantly arresting. But in both there is an unpleasant awareness that technical facility is being exploited to gild pure dross—and the suspicion that the dross was chosen because of the opportunities it afforded for virtuoso display.

Of the two, Welles has come up with the more interesting effort. His film is harsh, shocking, and filled with all sorts of excesses—druggings, beatings, intimations of perversion, murder. But Welles, wallowing in the sordid details of his script, has at least managed to keep his audience absorbed in the strange goings-on by tossing in such amusing lagniappes as Zsa Zsa Gabor in a brief bit as a South-of-the-border courtesan or Marlene Dietrich as the cigar-smoking proprietress of a Mexican bordello. ("You're a mess, honey," is her greeting to Welles's out-sized, game-legged, and thoroughly crooked detective.) And even though everything about the film—characters, background, situations—reeks of corruption, even though every shot seems deliberately offangled, underlit, and overstuffed, there is a manic intensity to "Touch of Evil" that makes it at once repellent and fascinating.

The same can hardly be said for Hitchcock's protracted thriller. Based on a novel by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, the team responsible for "Diabolique," it pursues its theme of false identity with such plodding persistence that, by the time the climactic cat is let out of the bag, the audience has long since had kittens.

It has also been treated to some beautiful color views shot in and around San Francisco, a number of Hitchcock's elaborately prepared special effects, and the spectacle of Kim Novak playing a dual identity role with equal ineptitude. There are glaring inconsistencies in the story; but even more glaring is the fact that Hitchcock's occasional bursts of slam-bang action, cinematic sleight-of-hand, and his inventive use of color cannot sustain interest through the long pull of his slender narrative.

* * *

**"No Time for Sergeants"** (Warners), like last year's "Operation Mad Ball," approaches the military life with an impudence and irreverence that is altogether salutary, even salubrious. Andy Griffith, reprising the performance that won him fame on the stage, portrays in Will Stockdale that classic figure of comedy, the open-hearted, simple-minded innocent whose every generous gesture is at odds with the ways of the world. It is Will's running conflict with the Air Corps that provides the greater part of the fun in a very funny film; but no small part of its savor comes from the recognition that he is blithely stumbling over eggs that most of us more prudent civilians are carefully avoiding these days.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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## The Local Bind

LAST summer I had a look at a survey made by Trendex, which asked a nationwide cross-section of people whether they depended on newspapers, television, or radio for local, national, and international news. Almost 32 per cent depended solely on radio and television for local news.

There are well over 3,000 AM radio stations in the United States, and the competition of television has driven most of them into the news and music category. News on the hour every hour is the boast of most of them. The newscasts of these stations every hour on the hour give us a veritable downpour of news meant to bring awareness, enlightenment, and understanding. What's the origin of this downpour, assailing the ears of the 32 per cent who count on radio and television for their news? Most of it comes from the radio news round-ups, condensed by United Press and Associated Press staffers from their major wire to fit the requirements of the five-minute newscast, or the fifteen-minute one (when there is time for that).

The censorship of time in the news which a good part of America hears is well illustrated by the tendency to make the five-minute newscast the major format in the whole broadcasting day. The United Press recently made a survey of the some 1,800 stations which buy its radio wire. The 664 stations answering the questionnaire revealed that some put on the air up to forty-eight five-minute newscasts a day, including local and network. The average was twelve a day. The average fifteen-minute long broadcasts of news in these 664 stations was two a day plus. The majority of the UP clients were in favor of reducing the seven daily fifteen-minute prepared newscasts (on national and international news) offered them so that five-minuters could come more frequently on the wire. The short newscast is easier to sell. It can be bought cheaply; and too many radio and television programmers and policymakers are convinced that news can be handled adequately by a combination of a radio wire and a personable, intelligent announcer who sometimes reads the newspapers, although that's not required.

My experience for many years with these five-minute newscasts has been this: difficult concepts in the news are reduced to workaday language, and the need to be sparing of words gives you something like this, which I picked up entirely at random: Quote: "John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker*, resigned today from the Communist Party. He said he quit because the party was of no more importance in the country." End of news story. Millions of listeners—who will hear no more of the John Gates story, and read no more on the subject—presumably will never really know why John Gates resigned, or what has happened and is happening to the Communist Party in the United States.

I don't want to quarrel with the writer of those quick lines on John Gates. He works fast under pressure, he's obliged to get everything important in, and the whole must be compressed within a five-minute period. The writer was obliged to treat the Rockefeller Brothers Fund report on the state of our military readiness with the same brevity. But it may be too brief for meaning.

Another characteristic of these five-minute news roundups, which can be heard across the land in precisely the same terminology, is that each five-minuter, provided fresh each hour, must be topped by the newest story within that hour, the most important within the hour if that's possible, but the newest in any case. This comes out of the necessity of providing something new, of being on "top" of the latest developments. I have seen again and again instances of obscure members of Congress with utterly preposterous ideas getting the lead story in these roundups coast to coast. A Midwest member says he will introduce a bill to abolish the Central Intelligence Agency as wasteful of money, too secret, and impotent. In a dull hour, that could get top play in literally thousands of these five-minute news roundups over the whole country. Senator Joseph McCarthy benefited greatly by this kind of top play.

Day by day I must make decisions of this kind: Do I note simply that Dag Hammarsjkold has gone to London, or can I afford another line or two to suggest why he's going there? The first is the easy way; it helps save time for the minute-and-a-half sound interviews I have with Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia on a municipal problem. Or, is it best, since it's meaningless after all to say Mr. Hammarsjkold has gone to London, to leave the matter out until the next day, when perhaps there'll be hard news on the visit and a little more time to deal with it? The members of the Bagdad Pact are meeting again in Ankara. Have I the time to remind viewers again what countries belong to the pact, the degree to which the United States is joined to it, why Secretary of State Dulles is attending the meeting? Some local news commentators content themselves merely with noting that Hammarsjkold is traveling and the Ankara Bagdad pact meeting is to begin.

Harold E. Stassen comes to Philadelphia, and you film an interview with him. He has some ideas on how to approach the Kremlin with less rigidity. A four-minute interview. You edit it down to two. You try again, and Mr. Stassen is down to a minute-and-a-half. But it takes twenty-five seconds to introduce him. In that one story alone, you've used up a fourth of your total news time.

THESE things are the daily lot of the news commentator who tries to meet his obligations and the responsibility he has of condensing the news as meaningfully as possible to the narrow precincts of his medium. It's a grappling with the raw stuff of a day in the world, a problem common to the network and the local newscaster who, in the end, is also regarded as a news "commentator" to so many Americans. It's an experience painfully calling on awareness, experience, and training. And this local newscaster is almost the total source of news to thousands, even millions who hear few other newscasts or documentaries on the air, or read the newspapers with any assiduity.

At this moment, in our country's well over 3,000 radio stations and more than 500 TV stations, a belt-line of the latest news is being prepared or broadcast—which is, as someone has put it, a glut of occurrences. It's a flow of news which certainly tells us *what's* happening—fast and generally accurately. It mentions the ideas of our times, without really going into them. It's a flow of news on the air which makes us seem the most informed people of the world. But, except for the contribution of the careful workmen in our craft, it's a flow of news censored by well-meaning ignorance, the inexperience of those who deliver it, and it suffers from time limitations and conformity to industry policy practices.

We've got the "who, what, when, and where," but these days there ought to be more of the "why" in the news.

—GUNNAR BACK,
*Director, News and Special Events, WFIL-TV, Philadelphia.*

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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

### A Printemps Potpourri

**GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN:** We were in attendance at that old New York nook, the Eden Roc, the other afternoon to celebrate the selection of Miss Carol Christensen as Queen of the New York City Summer Festival. Although the vernal equinox as usual will be on June 21, the Summer Festival begins June 19. Not only that, but the Queen of New York informed us brightly, in answer to the only question we asked her, she is from Detroit.

A brunette of undeniable good looks, Miss Christensen had, like 350 other New York models, sent her photo in to an unnamed screening committee who picked fifteen stunners. The fifteen were sent for and five picked from among these. A number of the city's itinerant arbiters of good looks then got together and Miss Christensen was chosen. She leaves immediately for a goodwill tour of the U.S. and Canada, visiting mayors, and she fully expects to return here, unstoned and unspittled, in time for her coronation.

The thousands of visitors to New York whose vacations will have been inspired by the displaced Detroiter ought to be notified that they are entering territory which is patrolled by no fewer than 300 Sanitation patrolmen armed with sharp eyes, sharpened pencils, and a fistful of summonses. In a lightning crackdown on unsanitary citizens the other day the 300 patrolmen issued a thumping 892 summonses in the space of a few hours. Although the newspapers insisted some of these were handed to people who threw away matches and cigarettes, the Sanitation Department's first communique said the tickets were for store-owners whose sidewalks were untidy and for those litterbugs who threw away newspapers, candy wrappers, letters, tissues, and empty cigarette packages. Such an offense is punishable by fines up to $25, according to the state of digestion of the presiding magistrate.

Asked if tourists would be fined just like anybody else, a Sanitation Department spokesman said, "Just the same as a tourist who passes a red light. After all, we have 25,000 litter baskets scattered through the city." In addition to the litter baskets, the city has also recently installed fifty public ashtrays, a cone-shaped device resting on a pipe which has been planted on a number of streets, notably on Madison Avenue and in the Boroughs of Queens and Staten Island. What necessitated these public ashtrays, the department says, was the advent of the filter cigarette. "You can field-strip or disintegrate an ordinary cigarette, but it is a little more difficult breaking up a filter tip and we found the people wouldn't bother." The ashtrays, which are made of aluminum, cost the city $19.75 each, plus the pipe, the cement, and the cost of installation. Most of them have been planted near bus stops and subway stations. So far there are fifty public ashtrays in use and more will be added if these prove successful. Aside from infecting some sensitive citizens with the feeling that a spendthrift member of the family has purchased some gimcrack that wasn't exactly necessary, it does make for quite a forest of metal at the street corners, which now may include a litter basket, a bus stop sign, a lamppost, not to mention an assortment of no parking signs.

We have had a number of words to say on other occasions about parking, double-parking, and triple-parking in New York's streets. For this semester we would like to address ourselves to those tourists awakened by the likes of Miss Carol Christensen, who will wend their way to New York in their cars. We say better come in a tank. For some time now we have been noticing that the streets and avenues of the city have been ripped up as never before. A colleague of ours, Mr. William Zinsser, in a memorable article in the *New York Herald Tribune*, attributed the whole program to the secret archeological excavations of a Dr. Plonk who was operating under the camouflage of the Consolidated Edison Company, a combine that sells New Yorkers their gas and electricity. When we counted no fewer than nine excavations on the short run from home to office the other day, we called up Consolidated Edison, or Con Ed, as it likes to be known, and asked if there was oil down there. Or ruins? Or buried treasure? They said No. They said New York was growing like never before. They said the reason we didn't see holes like this in other cities of the world was that other cities of the world aren't growing like New York. They said besides all the holes weren't theirs. There were also a few made by the telephone company and the Transit Authority, and the people working on the sewer system. As for *their* holes, there are at present exactly 223 Con Ed excavations in the City of New York, 113 of them in Manhattan, thirty-two in the Bronx, fifty in Brooklyn, twenty-eight in Queens, none in Staten Island.

So we say you'll be better off to come in a Sherman tank, buttoned up, and that way you can cruise over the 223 pitfalls, skirt the double-parkers, and never worry about the gnomes from the Borough President's office who paint white lines on the busiest New York avenues at high noon in mid-week and then litter the street with rubber pylons. Or, we say, visit peaceful Staten Island. Or Detroit.

**MOBIL OR MICHELIN:** Whatever happens to France and the French Government we are sure that Frenchmen will go on eating, and therefore we see a bright future for the Michelin guidebook which is fifty-eight years old this year. The newest edition, which as every wayfarer knows is a commentary on the sights, the smells, and most particularly on the tables of France, has just appeared and there was the customary rustle to see


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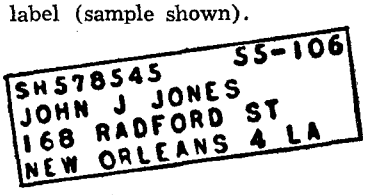


*Saturday Review*
25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.


who lost a star and who gained one. The best of our advices from the far side of the alimentary canal indicate there has been one change among the three-star temples of gastronomy, but there has been no alteration in the number of establishments awarded this signal honor. It remains at eleven for all France.

Simultaneous with this news we have been in receipt of a broadside announcing "a travel guide for America that matches the 'Michelin'." We have waited with bated breath and appetite for the arrival of a book many of us thought could never be published, and we are here to say it is called the Mobil Guide. Mobil, of course, is the name of a gasoline, and it was the gas people who underwrote the entire venture.

Naturally, the United States being larger than France, the Mobil editors couldn't manage the whole country in one volume, so they have broken it down into sections. The first volume deals with that notable U.S. belt of gastronomy: Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arkansas and Louisiana. Divided by states, then subdivided by towns, the Mobil Guide lists sights, motels, hotels, and restaurants, occasionally discourses economically on atmosphere and history.

Like the Michelin, it awards a system of checks and stars to the establishments it considers good, ranging from one check (relatively inexpensive; an excellent buy) to four stars (one of the best in the country). Representatives or inspectors were hired in a number of Southern and Southwestern cities. Mobil did not hire people with previous inspection experience for the AAA or other commercial guide projects. They preferred people familiar with the area. As it turned out, the corps included teachers and high-school principals, two *Time* correspondents, a college professor, and a pair of housewives. The group was supplemented by the wife of one of the *Time* people who happened to be a cousin of the King of Greece, and who had traveled more widely than the others and had previous inspection experience in England.

WE wouldn't have suspected for a minute that a schoolteacher or a high school-principal would have turned out to be an epicure on the kitchens of Texas and Oklahoma, but there you are. We will go along with *Time* correspondents if they have worked in overseas bureaus, and if you go for sheep's eyes, charcoal broiled entrails, and goat cheese, which are pillars of Greek cuisine, we

(*Continued on page* 35)


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Farmlands capable of growing edible food.

Your home, car, TV set (and incidentally your life).

—and various extras, such as unlimited energy from the atom, and perhaps interplanetary travel.

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Mankind's survival. It is a competition between man's ability to create and man's ability to destroy. Man can make this earth a paradise, or he can make it a vast cemetery, forever silent.

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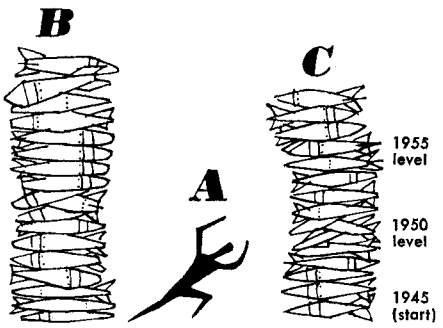
Both! Sensible people are striving to make the world a better place to live in, and these *same people* are making bigger and bigger stockpiles of bombs.

***Basic Problem:*** To find a way of preventing Mankind (A) from building bomb piles (B) and (C) so high they will fall over and kill him.

USA owns one bomb pile, Russia owns the other. The piles get higher every day.




***Starting Date of Competition:*** The competition has already started. It started on Aug. 7, 1945 at Hiroshima.

***How to Withdraw from the Competition:*** You can't—EVER. The bomb piles are already huge, and *all* our lives are at stake.

***If You Want to Lose the Competition:*** Simply write the President and Congress: "You are doing fine. Keep piling up more bombs. If the other country wipes us out, we will wipe them out. What could be fairer?"

***If You Want to Win:*** Help find a firm road* to lasting peace.

---

**Finding a firm road is not easy. Perhaps there is none. If you ask a dozen people for constructive suggestions, you get answers like these: "Pray," "Understand Russia better," "Strengthen the UN," "Train more scientists," "Educate the voters," "Keep calm," "Send more food and technical aid to backward countries," "Vote for so-and-so." Some people say "Let's all disarm, then we can all be friendly" and others say just the reverse: "Let's all be friendly, then we can disarm."

Probably all these suggestions have merit. But the author of this "advertisement" feels that something more specific should be done. We wonder whether any of the following schemes would work:

1. Arrange with Russia for us to send 50,000 housewives, school-teachers, etc., to Russia, and for Russia to send a similar group here, for a 30-day free tour, to create mutual trust and friendship. (Or would it create envy, sarcastic comments?)
2. Announce that we will test only 3 bombs per year, and will ask Russia and UN to witness the tests and keep track of how much radioactivity is released; and invite Russia to do the same by us. (This might pave the way for stopping all bomb tests.)
3. Arrange a huge UN-sponsored project to "take our minds off war." We might wage an all-out battle against cancer and other so-far incurable diseases. We ought even try to send the UN flag to the moon.
4. Attempt to win the friendship of Iron Curtain peoples by sending them 10,000 tons af attractive and highly useful products of all kinds from the United States.

Frankly, we feel that some of these ideas are not too good. The problem is too big for us to solve. Won't you help? If millions of us put our minds on it, we may come up with some really good ideas. Talk with your friends, your club members, your neighbors, your church groups. Write your ideas down and mail them to the President and Congress. Do it soon. The competition is on, our lives are at stake, and there is no withdrawing from the competition.

WILLIAM A. SHURCLIFF

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# The Spectre of the Twenties

*Whether or not history repeats itself, we are obliged to turn to historical comparisons for light on the future. In each economic downswing since World War II reassurances and warnings alike have been based on comparisons with the 1920s. A new book by a Columbia University professor which can be put to good use in making such comparisons is* ***"The Perils of Prosperity: 1819-1932," by William E. Leuchtenburg*** *(University of Chicago Press. 313 pp. $3.50). The book, a volume in the Chicago History of Civilization series, is the basis for a consideration of our current economic plight by Professor Roy Blough of Columbia University's Graduate School of Business.*

By ROY BLOUGH

THIS book's title does not fully suggest its scope. Designed for the general reader, it is in fact a political, economic, and social history of the United States from the beginning of World War I to the depths of the Depression in 1932. However, though the study is excellently written and makes fascinating reading, it is not my intention here to review the book *per se* but to draw on its account of "perils" to the prosperity of the 1920s for the purpose of making a brief comparison with the period since World War II.

The decade of the 1920s was one of great technological advance marked by the introduction of numerous new products, the rapid rise in productive efficiency, a great increase in national income, and reduction in hours of work. Rapid economic change always presents difficulties for the maintenance of balanced growth and stability. The failure in the 1920s to cope with such difficulties can be attributed to the institutions, the policies, and the basic attitudes of the times.

Notable among the weak institutions of the Twenties was the financial system, which during the boom generated a tremendous credit expansion in support of wild speculation, and was unable during the subsequent business decline to prevent the wholesale destruction of credit. The ownership of income and wealth was highly concentrated in relatively few families. The gains in industrial productivity were in large part retained as corporate profits. Labor unions were weak in membership and power, and the advance of labor and social legislation was hampered by adverse court decisions. Government at all levels purchased a total of less than one-twelfth of national production, thus affording only a small spending cushion against decreases in demands for goods and services.

The policies of government and business were essentially harmonious, since, to an unprecedented degree, government did what business wanted done. It would be difficult to conceive a more disastrous set of policies than those pursued during the 1920s and early Thirties. This was true in many fields. Although the United States was now a creditor nation, highly protective tariffs were imposed in 1921 and 1922, and further increased in 1930. After a sharp fall in farm prices in 1921 the farmer was in difficulties throughout the decade. No governmental action to relieve or correct his situation was forthcoming. Tax laws and their application favored large incomes and business interests and did little to correct the bad distribution of income. Mergers multiplied under friendly treatment by government, and the Federal Trade Commission was dominated by big-business interests. Monetary policies were irresponsible and encouraged speculation

When the stock-market crash came and business slid downward the policies adopted made matters worse. Bankers insisted that liquidation was the way out of the Depression, and ironically, were themselves sunk by the spreading wave of liquidation. Taxes were increased in a vain effort to balance the budget. Strenuous efforts were made to reduce public spending. Although many railroads, banks and other large corporations were saved by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, there was little "trickle down" of benefits to the unemployed workers and the ruined farmers.

Underlying the policies of the 1920s and contributing to the excesses of the boom and the severity of the De-

## Pick of the Paperbacks

**PAPERBOUND BOOKS IN PRINT.** *R. R. Bowker.* $2. The spring-summer edition of this semi-annual guide is a boon for paperback collectors. Some 6,000 books are listed by the title, the author, and by subject matter.

**THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE.** *By Sir James Jeans. Everyman.* $1.35. An interpretation of modern physics and the enigma of the universe, by a distinguished English astronomer.

**THE END OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE WEST.** *By Edward Gibbon. Torchbooks.* $1.95. This selection from "The Decline and Fall" traces the tottering days of the Roman Empire from the barbarians' invasion to the early years of the Middle Ages.

**THE CHANGING FORMS OF ART.** *By Patrick Heron. Noonday.* $1.75. An English critic's essays on modern painting, sculpture, and architecture, with some pertinent words on Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland.

**GETTING ALONG IN ITALIAN. GETTING ALONG IN FRENCH.** *By Mario Pei. Bantam. 35¢ each.* Travelers' aids with 1800 words, 1100 useful phrases ("I feel seasick"), and a brief grammar, all suitably geared to help the American abroad.

**THE GREEN CROW.** *By Sean O'Casey. Universal.* 95¢. Generally lilting essays and stories in which O'Casey holds forth on G.B.S., on Noel Coward, and on O'Casey.

**THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER.** *By Carson McCullers. Bantam.* 50¢. Miss McCullers's first novel introduced a tomboy heroine and a deaf-mute in a strange story of outcasts in a Southern town.

**THE GREAT DOCTORS.** *By Henry E. Sigerist. Anchor.* $1.25. The dramatic story of medical history, from Aesculapius to William Osler, told through the biographies of its most famous doctors.

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pression was a pattern of public attitudes. During the boom all was unlimited buoyancy: everyone was intended to be rich; prosperity would endure forever; spending was a virtue; what benefited business must necessarily benefit the nation. After the crash the Puritan virtues were rediscovered and emphasized, and the Depression was rationalized as being inevitable and beneficial for the national character.

Many similarities may be noted between the 1920s and the period since World War II. Again we have had rapid technological advance and economic change, this time complicated by serious international disturbances and dangers. Business has regained much of its prestige and influence in government. There has been a long period marked predominantly by a boom in both capital goods and durable consumer goods. Public attitudes continue to be mercurial.

THE differences between the two periods, however, are striking. The distribution of income and wealth is considerably wider. There has been no comparable orgy of speculation. Financial institutions are solid. Social security, farm price supports, and other governmental programs operate to cushion downward economic movements. Government purchases of goods and services total one-fifth of gross national product and are likely to be substantially increased as an antirecession measure. The responsibility of the Federal Government to "promote maximum production, employment, and purchasing power" has been established by law and accepted in practice for more than a decade. Monetary policy has been devoted to the promotion of economic stability: the monetary authorities have restricted credit to hold down booms and have relaxed the restrictions to meet recessions. The tax policy record, although not perfect is good. Tax rates were held up during prosperity, and tax reductions are now widely accepted as appropriate in recessions. Perhaps the weakest spot in policy is a resurgence of protectionism, but even this is mild compared with the protectionism of the 1920s.

The attitudes of the public appear to be much better informed, more realistic, more mature, and more sober than those which prevailed in the Twenties. They should be. We as a nation have been exposed to the educational impact of a wide variety of hard experiences over the past thirty years. We should have learned a great deal, and we think we have. Time will tell how much of what we learned was true, and how well we shall remember it when it is needed.

# Between Two Worlds

***"The Affluent Society," by John Kenneth Galbraith*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 368 pp. $4), is a Harvard economist's appraisal of our economic goals, in which he considers their suitability in an age of abundance. David M. Potter, who reviews the study, is the author of "People of Plenty."*

By David M. Potter

"WANDERING between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born"—the phrase was Matthew Arnold's but the predicament is distinctively our own. The fault is partly our own also, for we sometimes force the potentialities of the unborn world into the mold of institutions and concepts which fitted its deceased predecessor. Rarely can we break through the crust of familiar ideas and view our transformed universe with a vision as fresh as its conditions are new.

One observer with this rare talent for the unfettered view is John Kenneth Galbraith, professor of economics at Harvard. Twice now, Galbraith has subjected the American economy to a remarkably fresh analysis. In 1951, in "American Capitalism," he argued that the process which makes our economy work is no longer the free interplay of innumerable small units—farmers, workers, and businessmen—in an open market, but rather the accommodation to one another of major "countervailing" forces (such as unions, farm blocs, chain distributors, and large-scale producers) as their respective pressures come into balance and reach stability. Now, in "The Affluent Society," Professor Galbraith takes a fresh look at our economic goals and contends that the fierce and indiscriminate emphasis upon production for its own sake, which was suitable to an age of scarcity, is no longer appropriate to an economy of affluence or abundance. In an age of scarcity the production of goods generally met gross physical needs, and was therefore self-justifying. But today production often creates goods of such marginal usefulness that an artificial need has to be created by psychological manipulation of the consumer, and we depend upon full production more as a means of providing employment and preventing depression than as a necessity for meeting direct physical needs.

How does our tenacity in clinging to the old goals deprive us of the potentialities of the world unborn? In the most stimulating, novel—and con-

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troversial—part of his presentation, Galbraith makes a forcible argument that a relaxation of our productive pace might reduce the violence of economic oscillations between boom and depression, and might avoid the chronic inflation which results when wages and prices, both stimulated by high productivity, push each other up in a reciprocating spiral. Having reached a stage at which we value full productivity mostly because it brings full employment, it is time for us to break the vicious link which binds the two by providing alternative activities and incomes for workers, so that their salvation will not depend upon the maintenance of high-pace production. Only when we do this can we control production instead of letting it control us. Mr. Galbraith also deplores our overvaluation of private spending and our undervaluation of public spending, leading to the imbalance by which we feed our children superbly at private expense but educate them poorly at public expense, or steadily improve our homes while we let our cities deteriorate.

The author presents these ideas with notable force and originality, and develops their implications with constructive imagination. For example, he argues that unemployment pay rates should rise as unemployment increases and decline as it diminishes. He argues that continuing public functions, such as education, should be supported by long-range appropriations and not be subjected to biennial legislative whims. He believes that conservatives will always construe any measures which are to be paid for by higher income taxes as disguised attempts to expropriate wealth, and therefore that his proposals should be paid for by a sales tax to avoid their being stalled in a liberal-versus-conservative deadlock.

As a blueprint—or dream, as the case may be—of a better world, this book has an apt title. But in terms of content the title is a misnomer, for the study takes more account of economics than it does of society. Though he is always lucid and nontechnical in doing so, Galbraith devotes extensive, and perhaps disproportionate space to discrediting certain conventions of economic thought, such as the assumption that it is impossible to discriminate economically between the social value of different forms of production, or that private purchase of goods (*e.g.*, 300 horsepower automobiles) is in itself good and to be encouraged but that public purchase of goods (*e.g.*, school desks) is in itself wasteful and must be suspiciously watched. So far so good, but with fuller attention to society Mr. Galbraith might have reckoned with the fact that our Puritan aversion to idleness and our pioneer urge to subdue a new continent have contributed more than economic theory to our obsession with productivity, and that the one-horse individualism of our agrarian past has done more than classical economics to breed distrust of extensive community services. He might have taken more account also of the fact that a democracy adopts given economic measures because organized groups believe it will be to their advantage to do so, and not because of any criterion of optimum social good. To readers who are sympathetic with his views, it will seem sad to reflect that ideas may be realistic and even hard-headed at an economic level and at the same time almost Utopian at a social level.

The seeming remoteness of Professor Galbraith's goals will tempt many readers, especially in the spring of 1958, to regard his book primarily as a treatise on the difficulty of avoiding depressions and inflation in our present society. But at a more basic level it ranks as a work which, whether Utopian or not, ought to contribute in the long run to the reshaping of some of our basic social ideas.

# West Germany's Money-Miracle

***"Prosperity Through Competition," by Ludwig Erhard*** *(translated by Edith Temple Roberts and John B. Wood; Praeger. 260 pp. $5), is the report by West Germany's Vice Chancellor and Minister for Economic Affairs on the Federal Republic's economic health under his stewardship. Samuel Reber, our reviewer, was deputy U.S. High Commissioner for Germany.*

By Samuel Reber

CERTAINLY no adherent of the Keynesian economic doctrine or the welfare state will derive comfort from either Dr. Erhard's book or the accomplishments of his ministry, while, on the other hand, proponents of free enterprise will read this record of achievement with satisfaction and pleasure. "Prosperity Through Competition," which was first published in Germany early in 1957 and now appears in English with a special introduction written by the author for this edition, was intended as a report on the economic recovery and progress of West Germany since 1948, made to the German people by their minister in charge of economic affairs since the formation of the Federal Republic in 1949. Prior to that date, as bizonal adviser to the U.S. and British Occupation authorities, he laid the foundations of his new "social market economy"—*die sociale Marktwirtschaft*—which has governed German economy since 1948 and made possible Dr. Erhard's economic "miracle." In explaining this policy he states that its aim has been to create an economic structure, based on both material and moral foundations, within which it would be possible to lead ever-widening circles of the German people toward prosperity.

Dr. Erhard has interpreted developments in Germany during this period in the light of his unswerving devotion to the doctrine that a sound economy can only be based upon the principles of free enterprise, consciousness of social responsibility, increased productivity, and competition unhampered by rationing, price controls, or state interference. To him the welfare state is the "modern delusion." He supports the case for his policy by a carefully documented and tabulated account of the steady and phenomenal march of German recovery from complete economic collapse and stagnation to the boom which began in 1954 and has only recently begun to level off.

In 1957 Germany was the third largest steel producer in the world, and the volume of her export and import trade also placed her third in rank among the trading nations. It is true that early in 1958 falling orders from abroad have brought reductions in steel output, but domestic orders in the investment industries and home consumption (as important to Dr. Erhard's social economic policy as foreign trade) still appear to be maintained over the boom levels reached last year. Germany's industrial production rose from an index of 50 in 1949 (1936=100) to 230.3 in the third quarter of 1957, and even in 1958 the February figures show that although unemployment rose to approximately 1.3 million, of which part is seasonal, industrial output for this month was 2 per cent higher than the comparable figures for last year.

In these achievements Dr. Erhard, writing both as a political economist and as responsible minister, takes legitimate pride, but he does not over-

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look forces and political factions in Germany and elsewhere working against his doctrine that free competition alone can lead to social progress and order. He warns the German people against materialism and complacency. For him inflation presents an ever-present danger to be controlled even at the expense of certain desirable political goals. Here he and the Chancellor have differed in the past. In a chapter devoted to rearmament, while recognizing the essential nature of a German defense contribution, he argues that rearmament must be so organized that it will not upset the free social economic system. This goal might best be achieved through the formation of a European clearing house to collaborate in the production of armaments, since "no country should be possessed by the ambition to achieve self-sufficiency in armaments."

In fact, the Vice Chancellor rejects he idea of self-sufficiency for Germany in all fields and strongly urges the creation of a real sense of community. Integration, however, in his thinking means free convertibility of currency and freedom of movement for goods, services, and capital rather than the institutional approach and mere creation of an international bureaucracy.

His presentation gives the firm impression that there has been created in Germany a sound basis of prosperity which can effectively resist encroachments from the East or Lorelei strains of nationalism. It exudes that same feeling of optimism and confidence in Germany's economic future and the basic strength of the new social market economy that he manifested when he recently warned that failing confidence in a nation's economy could deepen any recession and that protectionism was no solution for a nation's economic ills.

It is perhaps fortunate that this book, which in excellent translation is now made available to American readers, appears at a time when recession may put Dr. Erhard's doctrines to their most severe test to date.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 17, 10, 16, 5, 6, 13, 1, 14, 18, 20, 11, 3, 2, 12, 8, 9, 19, 4, 15, 7.

**REWARDING ACTIVITY:** According to **"The Capitalist Manifesto,"** by Louis O. Kelso and Mortimer Adler (Random House, $3.75), all that is needed to attain the millennium is to spend fewer and fewer hours earning a living (scornfully referred to as "subsistence work" by Messrs. Kelso and Adler) and ultimately devote nearly all our time to "liberal and creative pursuits . . . producing the goods of civilization . . . the only humanly rewarding activity."

Our livelihood will be adequately provided by using the State's total powers to help us all become capitalists and thus enable us to live on the earnings of our capital with little or no labor. And why not? Ninety per cent of the wealth produced is the result of capital, the authors maintain. By redistributing ownership of these capital resources, making it impossible for anyone to hug more than a proportionate share, while opening up new opportunities for the millions to become capitalists on the instalment plan (by investing in atomic energy, for example), we can reasonably soon be enjoying the ideal capitalist society. It would, of course, be classless because all or most of us would ultimately own equal shares of capital.

Unfortunately, there will be a few hitches during the transition, as even Kelso and Adler admit. For some time there will remain the need for millions to perform "mechanical" work; it is hoped that those jobs will be filled by people in their younger years until, with the Government's aid, they too will have accumulated enough capital to live comfortably and devote most or all of their time to the nobler things in life. Also, there is the distinct possibility that among the 170 million Americans there may be quite a few who have neither the inclination nor the ability to produce the goods of civilization by becoming pure scientists, philosophers, statesmen, clergymen, fine artists, teachers, etc., tomorrow's favorite avocations.

There may even be a few who derive enough genuine satisfaction from their current activities to want to go on working for a living. Such an attitude would be clearly misguided, according to the authors. Here, a long-range program of education by the Government is, of course, the only feasible answer. As a matter of fact, labor unions are expected to function "as agencies for the economic education of the newly-made capitalists and . . . the protection of their property rights." Those individuals who still can't adjust to the new happy state of affairs will clearly be guilty of "mental incompetence or moral delinquency." —HENRY BUND.

# The Human Spirit

*Continued from page 21*

Rule of the Congregation, particularly the words which seem to read "When God begets the messiah," but also the description of the communal meal. The dualism of the community's theology, its angelology, and view of the afterlife are briefly but adequately described. Burrows recognizes the strong influence of Second Isaiah in the scrolls, but does not believe that the Teacher of Righteousness was the Servant of the Lord in any messianic sense. One wishes that he had placed the sect's life and thought more creatively in the context of their dominant conviction that they were living "in the end of days." The author has little to say about the new covenant and its significance, although he sees that the ceremony of initiation was one of the most important occasions of the year. Much more, too, might have been given about the view that the Teacher of Righteousness was the expected Moses, if Mr. Burrows had availed himself of the substantial literature dealing with this important subject.

Yet these criticisms must not obscure the importance of his work. It is marked by the same judicious judgment, the same lucidity and the same remarkable grasp of the field. There is no book of greater range and competence in the vast literature on the Dead Sea Scrolls.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 780

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 780 will be found in the next issue.*

IUOGLCWMOQ OW B

WMGHYGUOLK

YUGG.

—BLNL.

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*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 779*

He that has no fools, knaves, nor beggars in his family was begot by a flash of lightning.

—THOMAS FULLER.

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# Europe's First Glimpse of the Russians

*Continued from page 11*

with a full answer of the same from her Highness." He proceeded to state his grievances and complaints, with moderation and dignity. For the interesting thing is that, as with Stalin, these terrible fits of persecution-mania never affected the quality of his intellect: he remained lucid and clear, all the more sharp and cunning, transacting the business of the state himself, full of energy and initiative. And like Stalin too, he combined intelligence with savagery, cruelty with a certain geniality—though no one got round to calling him Uncle Ivan.

This first interview re-established all the old confidence that Ivan had always felt for Anthony: surrounded as he felt he was by traitors, he unburdened himself of his troubles to the Englishman. He did not regard himself as a Russian, any more than Stalin could do: the Russians were all thieves, he complained, he himself was descended of the Huns. Now that Anthony had at last come, he was willing to call back his indignation and declared with much dignity that since "our princely and secret affairs were not finished to our contentation at our time appointed according to our expectation, we do now leave off all those matters and set them aside for the time, because our mind is now otherwise charged, and will not importunate our Sister any further; but hereafter, when occasion shall move us to the like, we will then talk of those matters again." Then, standing up and putting off his cap, he said, "Do our hearty commendations unto our loving sister Queen Elizabeth, unto whom we wish long life, with happy success."

AFTER that they got down to business. Ivan proved himself, as he had been all along, the firm supporter of the English alliance, a convinced Anglophile. Jenkinson proved himself worthy of the confidence he commanded on both sides: he satisfactorily explained the misunderstandings that had accumulated, the dissensions caused by "the abjects and runagates of our nation," the genuine impossibility the Queen was in in meeting all Ivan's demands. The Tsar withdrew them, and generously renewed all the privileges of the Company. Jenkinson returned completely successful, having deserved well of his country, to enjoy retirement and the fortune he had reaped from his adventurous experiences in trade and diplomacy.

On this basis relations continued satisfactory and prosperous to the end of Ivan's life. The worst of his purges were over, but not the worst and most bitterly repented of his personal acts. For one day, in 1581, in a fit of fury he lashed out with his spiked staff at his eldest son and killed him. (I suppose Russia is the only modern country two of whose greatest rulers each killed his own son and heir.) Things were going wrong for Ivan again: with himself growing old, and he was being defeated in the west. Lithuania and Esthonia were lost; the Poles were winning; Russia was losing her access to the Baltic again. Nevertheless, Siberia was gained, expansion towards the River Ob proceeded—along the coast towards which the English were exploring. The whole coasts of the White Sea and as far as Vaigatz and Nova Zemblya were mapped first by Elizabethan Englishmen.

In these circumstances Ivan the Terrible returned at the end of his life to his fixation on an English marriage: Anglophila still possessed him. Since he could not marry the Queen, for he accepted the fact that at her age she was not now marriageable, he would marry an English lady of the blood royal. A succession of English doctors had been sent out to the Russian Court, and one of them, a Dr. Jacob, suggested the Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon and of royal descent, as a possible bride. The Terrible, who had now run through his sixth wife, by some reckonings, became passionately anxious to bring off the match. Here also the Queen could hardly in conscience promote the cause: once more she found herself in something of a fix.

Ivan became more and more urgent, and in 1582 sent an ambassador, Pissemsky, to arrange the matter. Neither the lady herself, nor the Queen, was anxious for marriage with the barbarian. Elizabeth was discouraging to the ambassador: "I do not find her beautiful and I cannot think that she would be found so by my brother Ivan. She has but lately had the smallpox and our painter has been obliged to depict her with a red face, deeply pitted." However, nothing would do but a state-audience of the lady, who "put on a stately countenance accordingly," and, having no intention of marrying in Muscovy, was always called by her friends at Court the Empress of Muscovia. One detects once more the accents of superciliousness, calculated to drive a Russian mad.

THE Tsar persisted. Elizabeth was driven to send an ambassador back, Sir Jerome Bowes—of the family, if not an ancestor, of the present Queen Mother. Sir Jerome's unpleasant task was to deliver another refusal: on the ground of the young lady's health not being good, with little hope "she will ever recover such strength as is requisite for that state" or for the long sea-voyage; while in England no sovereign had the authority to compel anyone into marriage against their will, etc. Ivan the Terrible was not

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taken in by these excuses. "Then why have you come here?" he said. "You come to me with a lot of empty words and with exaggerated demands of things I should do for England. Why should I do so much for the Queen, if she will do nothing for me?"

Fortunately, before Sir Jerome went any further—for he was a haughty and tactless man—Ivan was at last called to his account. Or, perhaps, unfortunately for Sir Jerome; for, with all his furies, Ivan the Terrible had always remained an Anglophile: when all his conquests in the West had been lost, the English alliance remained as the one solid achievement of his Western policy. Even in his last illness, surrounded by his astrologers and having summoned sixty witches from the north, where they abounded (it is like the fantastic atmosphere of Stalin's last days and the Jewish Doctors' Plot), Ivan still believed he would survive to marry an English lady. Yet, in the last year, he had been preparing to make his account: he had drawn up the roll of over 3,000 souls he had done to death during his reign and ordered prayers to be said for them. For all Stalin's ecclesiastical education he does not seem to have done that.

Jerome Horsey, another Englishman in Russia, tells us of the change that took place on the death of the great tyrant: "so much altered as it was termed new, having put on as it were a new face, so contrary to the old, every man living in peace, enjoying and knowing his own, good officers placed, justice administered everywhere." This was too good to last, for Horsey goes on to say, "the natural disposition of this nation was so wicked and vile that if the old Emperor had not held so hard a hand and severe government over them, he could never have lived so long, for their treacherous and treasonable practices." After a brief honeymoon, the removal of the strong hand soon showed itself in a rapid succession of changes, increasing disruption and disarray, an eventual breakdown of government: the Time of Troubles.

For Anglo-Russian contacts the good days were over. With the firm hand of Ivan the Terrible removed, his support no longer there and things going to bits, the northern trade was open to all comers. The Elizabethan age over, English naval power not what it was and with the Dutch gaining ascendancy in the early years of the seventeenth century, they took the place the early Elizabethans had carved out for themselves. However, it remains a curious and striking episode, not without its reverberations and reminders for today.

# Sutton

*Continued from page 28*

suppose one could string along with this cousin of the King of Greece.

However, there was lots of cross-checking of the material brought in by the inspection corps. Local people were questioned at length about *their* favorite places in town. Many of these local people were purveyors of the Mobil product in these states. Right about in here we will have to quarrel with the choice of informant. We would pump a gas station attendant about the location of a new motel in town, but it's our opinion that when you base a selection of the nation's best restaurants on the nation's gas-pump handlers you're lighting matches near high octane. (At the same time we'd like to insert a similar note about that old canard that a place where truckdrivers eat has got to be good. Nor do we think that taxi drivers make the best philosophers.)

If the Mobil Guide is not perhaps a Michelin, at least it will tell you what to do if, heavens to Betsy, you should find yourself some Sunday in Chickasha, Oklahoma. (There is the Pioneer Museum in Old Territorial Jail, there are 725 students in the Oklahoma College for Women, there is golf in Shannoan Springs Park in the southwest corner of the city, and King's Restaurant, *1 mi. from city limits on 81,* serves 3.2 beer.)

Of the big cities encompassed by the territorial limits of the first Mobil Guide, Dallas, for example, was able to come up with only one three-star restaurant (the Old Warsaw) and Houston produced none. A three-star beanery is "excellent, worth going out of the way for." New Orleans produced three—Antoine's, Brennan's, and Galatoire's, although some might well have thought that Commander's Palace, which got two, was worth more. The only four-star entry in the whole book is Les Patisseries Aux Quatres Saisons, a tea and pastry shop in New Orleans about which we share a certain amount of admiration if not all that astral frenzy.

We agree that the Mobil Guide is the only book that tells how far it is to a self-service laundry, or how far it is to a cafe where a tourist can get breakfast. We agree that it gives up-to-date information for families with pets and includes lists of industrial tours. If, however, the Mobil Guide is something less than the Guide Michelin there is always the possibility that, gastronomically, the United States is not France.

—Horace Sutton.


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(Continued from page 35)

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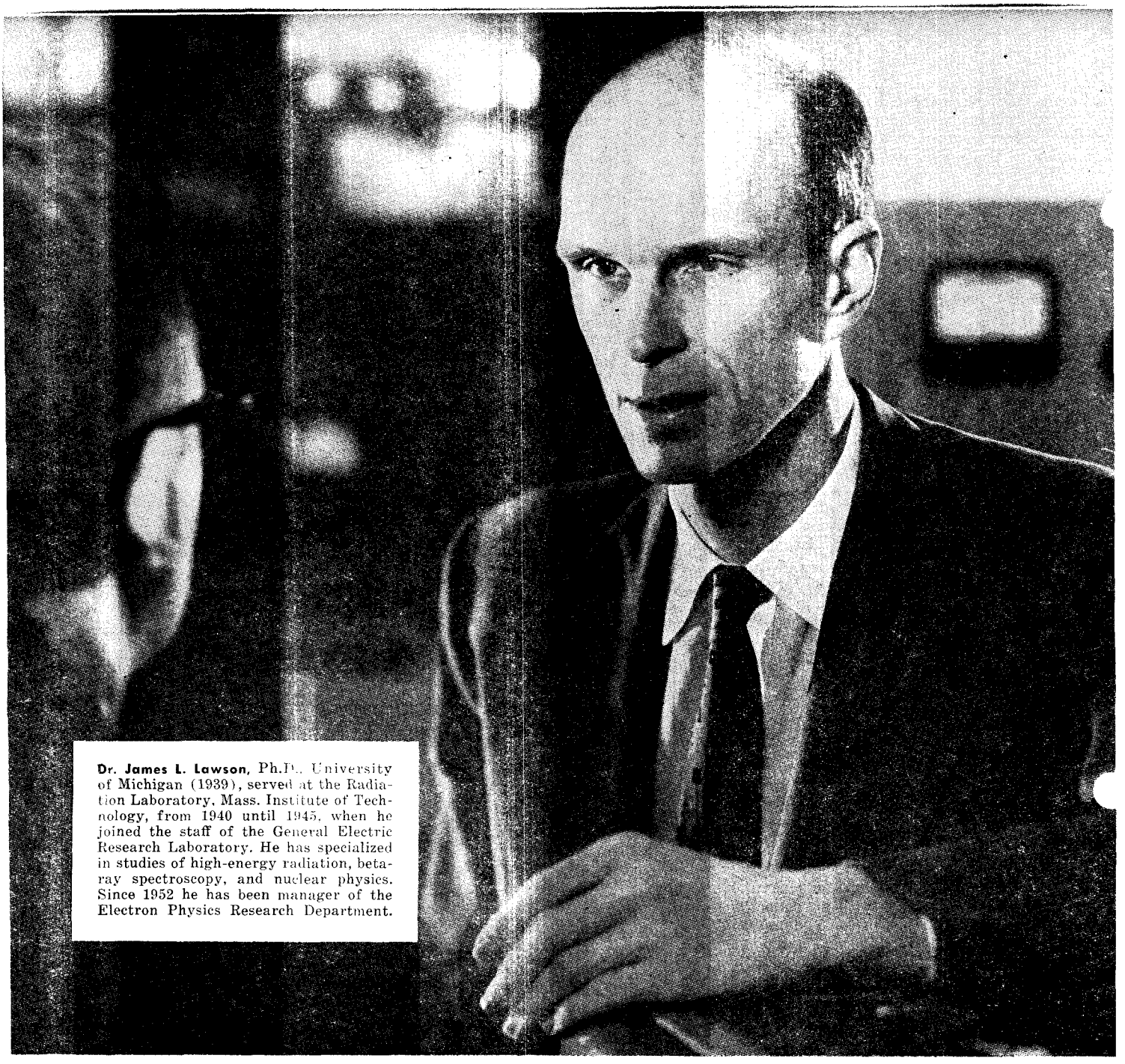

**Dr. James L. Lawson**, Ph.D., University of Michigan (1939), served at the Radiation Laboratory, Mass. Institute of Technology, from 1940 until 1945, when he joined the staff of the General Electric Research Laboratory. He has specialized in studies of high-energy radiation, beta-ray spectroscopy, and nuclear physics. Since 1952 he has been manager of the Electron Physics Research Department.

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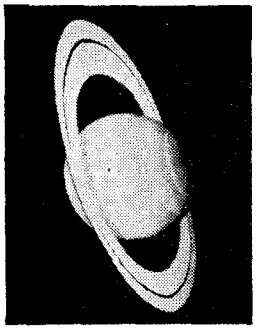

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# SR/Research

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**RESEARCH IN AMERICA**

## *SCIENCE: POWERHOUSE OF A NEW CAPITALISM*

THE most encouraging word that has come out of Washington, D.C. for a very long time came late last month from a symposium sponsored by the National Science Foundation. Five hundred scientists, business executives and bureaucrats gathered to talk about research in relation to the national economy. Topmost in the minds of all was, of course, the current recession. Beneath their worry about its immediate effects was a deeper concern that its very being might influence the world's peoples who are not yet committed either to communism or capitalism—might finally persuade them that Moscow is right in its historic contention that capitalism eventually must succumb to its own cyclical nature.

Everyone there had gone already convinced that science is always a good investment and is a better investment when times are hard than it is when spending money is flush. It was no surprise, then, that speaker after speaker said so in various ways with differing degrees of emphasis. But no one present was prepared for the resounding declaration made by *the* commanding name among all the company: Professor Sumner H. Slichter, head of the economics department of Harvard University.

Professor Slichter was unable to be there in person. But the paper read for him turned out to be such a rapid fire barrage of startling salvoes that only after the reader finished the manuscript and sat down did the hearers feel the full force of the words. The message amounted to a manifesto for a new capitalism, with stability built in by science.

If his analysis is correct, those Communists who honestly think that capitalism is doomed by its own internal design face a most discouraging future.

The Harvard scholar's thesis left room for the assumption (though he did not make it) that Marx, Lenin and Co. might once have had fair reason to expect a dynamic profit-motivated society to whirl itself to oblivion by centrifugal force. But capitalism now is not the capitalism of a generation ago.

"Within the last thirty years," Professor Slichter reminded, "technological research has become a large activity that introduces fundamental changes into the operation of the economy. Measured in terms of the number of scientists and engineers devoting full time" to it research "is more than five times as large as it was in 1930, and measured by the ratio of research expenditures to the gross national product, it is about thirteen times as large. . . . Today it is unthinkable that anyone should attempt to construct a theory of employment or a theory of growth without taking account of technological research."

Research for profit is a new and key industry on the American scene, the noted economist pointed out. It has grown up in the last half century: that is, since the theory behind the Soviet experiment was elucidated. He calls it "the industry of discovery" whose "product is knowledge." Because the product is knowledge, the industry operates on a different basis from all other industries. Contrary to the usual rules, which say that demand automatically diminishes as the supply rises, the output of knowledge tends to demand still more output.

"One may think of knowledge as consisting of a body of tested propositions," the Professor explained. "When two things are known, there is a possibility of seeing significant relationships between them which will yield practical applications. The larger the number of tested propositions, the more numerous are the cases in which the addition of a new tested proposition to old propositions will yield new useful applications and, in addition, will suggest hypotheses useful in adding still more tested propositions to the body of knowledge. Thus, the greater the body of existing knowledge, the greater is likely to be the value of the new discoveries."

In short, sound science means consistent growth.

"It is obvious that technological research increases the capacity of the economy to raise productivity," Professor Slichter said. "Less obvious and indeed generally overlooked is the fact that research gives the economy the capacity to bring about planned increases in the demand for goods—both by creating new demands for consumption goods and by creating new investment opportunities . . . It affects the demand for consumer goods by developing new kinds and varieties . . . that people desire to incorporate into their standard of consumption. (It) affects the demand for capital goods in two ways—partly by developing new consumer goods that require new plants and equipment for their manufacture, and partly by the development of new processes and new equipment that represents investment opportunities." He predicted that "from now on, economists in constructing a theory of investment must put the industry of discovery at the top of the list of investment determinants."

With that Professor Slichter reached the heart of his argument: the effect of research on the stability of the economy. "In the first place,"

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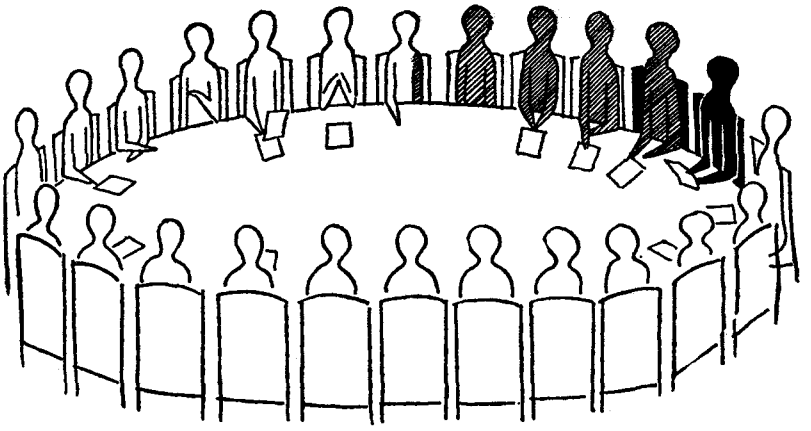
he said, "research tends to introduce into many parts of industry the sort of technology that must be financed by long range plans which ignore the business cycle. In the second place, technological research greatly increases the number of industries in the economy and this in itself is a stabilizing influence. It is difficult, if not impossible, to eliminate fluctuations in the spending of individual industries on plant, equipment and inventories. Hence, each industry has cycles more or less of its own. . . . The important point is that no two industries have the same cyclical patterns or the same sensitivity to outside events. The larger the number of industries in the economy, the greater is the chance that the upward and downward movements of the economy will be sluggish resultants of averages derived from the non-synchronized cycles. . . . Hence, by adding to the number of industries, technological research tends to moderate the cycles of the economy as a whole."

• • •

PROFESSOR Slichter did not mention the current recession directly. A brief passage in his paper disposed of it inferentially as a one-cycle phenomenon—a downward turn in the motorcar cycle. His description and prescription were presented dispassionately in the following paragraph. "The technology of the automobile industry is of such a nature that the industry is from two to three years away from its market—that is, important changes in models need to be frozen anywhere from two to three years in advance of the models being put on sale. In spite of this fact, the industry has attempted to develop the automobile as a style good, placing great emphasis upon year-to-year model changes. The industry needs to put its engineers hard at work to change its technology in ways that will permit prompter changes in its models when, as in 1958, it misjudges the tastes of consumers." In other words, don't expect people to buy what they don't want.



Social science scorecard in National Science Foundation (Key to the players is below).

• • •

ASSISTANT President James R. Killian, Jr., was another speaker at the NSF economics symposium. For the first time in public, to the best of our knowledge, he spoke in confirmation of behind-the-scenes reports that his influence at the White House now has world-wide implications. He quoted International Cooperation Director James H. Smith, Jr., as asking "of me the pertinent question: 'Are we . . . letting scientists from other Free World countries know what the potential applications of our new knowledge are so that they can match these against their own countries' requirements?'" The answer, Dr. Killian confided, "unhappily is that we have not yet found adequate means to do this." He concluded:

"To other nations . . . those now taking seven league strides from feudal agrarianism into the atomic age . . . belief in our free institutions is not so obvious or unquestioned. How successful we are in gaining their free commitment to our values will depend not only on how well we follow our own best traditions in leading by example, but also on how imaginatively we apply our technological assistance to their own environmental resources and their own social skills."

• • •

IN the light of the forementioned opinions of the Assistant President for Science and Technology, it is difficult to explain the action of President Eisenhower himself in his May 15th nominations to the U. S. Senate for membership on the governing board of the National Science Foundation. If methods of communication, which are the specialty of social scientists, are as vital as Dr. Killian's words would indicate, why is social science so poorly represented on the guiding council of NSF?

There are twenty-four members on the NSF board. As was observed in these columns in February, between five and six of those would be social scientists if the board membership were proportionate to the number of social scientists in America (darked figures in the sketch above). Before the new nominations were sent to the Senate, the board actually included two social scientists (black chaired figures in the sketch). Since the nominations, the social science representation is down to a single board member (black figure in black chair). To say that social scientists are chagrined would be putting it too mildly. They are baffled and frustrated. What appears to be deliberate derogation of their contribution to the world's problems has taken place in the face of suggestion of such distinguished candidates as Dr. Donald Young, head of the Russell Sage Foundation; Dr. John Gardner, head of the Carnegie Corporation; Dr. Dael Wolfle, executive officer of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Dr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California; Dr. Frank Stan-

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ton of CBS; Dr. Clyde Cluckhohn, of Harvard; Dr. Samuel Wilks, of Princeton; Dr. Logan Wilson, of Texas.

Since only one among the eight names the President asked the Senate to confirm is open to any possible question on scientific grounds—the name of Eisenhower speechwriter Kevin McCann—a Senate fight on the NSF nominees is doubtful. At the time these lines went to press, one Senator alone (Wayne Morse of Oregon) was known to be considering an expression of his displeasure for delivery on the Senate floor. Vice president Richard Nixon, who had authorized use of his name in support of greater recognition for the social sciences, was silent, though his own experiences in South America must have fortified his earlier impression that anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists have something to contribute to our foreign relations.

There was yet one chance of restoring social science to its former ill-proportioned status on the NSF board. It lay in the still unfilled vacancy left by the death of George W. Merck. Unless such a restoration takes place, there is danger that the Congress may accept the President's attitude as a thumbs-down on appropriations for social science research, and that timidly inclined NSF administrators in turn will read the congressional reaction as a mandate to reduce the little that NSF has done to support social science. The situation is acutely worsened by the failure of Dr. Detlev Bronk, holdover chairman of the NSF board and president of the National Acadamy of Science, to act in fulfilment of his offer of several months ago to Assistant President Killian to set up a social science panel (akin to the advisory panels the Killian office has for the physical sciences) with joint representation from the Academy and the Social Science Research Council.

• • •

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has told Soviet Premier Nikita Krushchev that our scientific experts are ready to talk turkey on a nuclear bomb test ban. Can it be that the White House has read a little book called *Bone and Radiostrontium,* published by John Wiley and Sons? In this explosive volume four Scandinavian scientists report that radio active Strontium may be ten times as dangerous to humans as the A.E.C. admits.

• • •

EVERY day the Earth spins on its axis a bit more slowly than it did the day before. We don't notice the difference because the consequent lengthening of the period between midnight and midnight amounts only to sixteen ten-thousands of a second in a hundred years. Nevertheless, geophysicists would like to know what causes the slowdown. Last month the American Physical Society got a possible explanation from Professor Serge A. Korff and Assistant Professor Arthur Beiser of the physics department of New York University's College of Engineering. These two men have been studying the returns from a cosmic ray census conducted by the University of Chicago and the National Research Council of Canada. The census takers were automatic counters which registered the disintegration of atoms hit by the cosmic rays in passing through Earth's atmosphere. The counters traveled on ships up and down the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, virtually from pole to pole. Maps were drawn to show how the cosmic ray population varied at different points on the Earth's surface.

The cosmic ray census analysts expected that the patterns of cosmic ray population would fit the supposed pattern of Earth's magnetic field, which deflects most of the rays toward the poles. But Professors Korff and Beiser found that the magnetic field indicated by the cosmic rays was 45 degrees off, to the west.

The professors explained the discrepancy by assuming that the recently popularized "fourth state of matter"—plasma, or electrified gas (see SR/Research, Mar. 1)—envelops the Earth, drags the magnetic field and brakes the day.

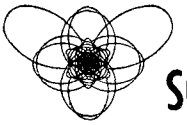
• • •

THE Los Angeles (*nee* Brooklyn) Dodgers have challenged the sketch we published of a curving baseball in April. We said the ball was a left-handed pitch. The Dodgers said the pitcher was right-handed. Prof. Frank Brown, of Notre Dame, has put the question to his wind tunnel. The Dodgers were right. Dem Bums.

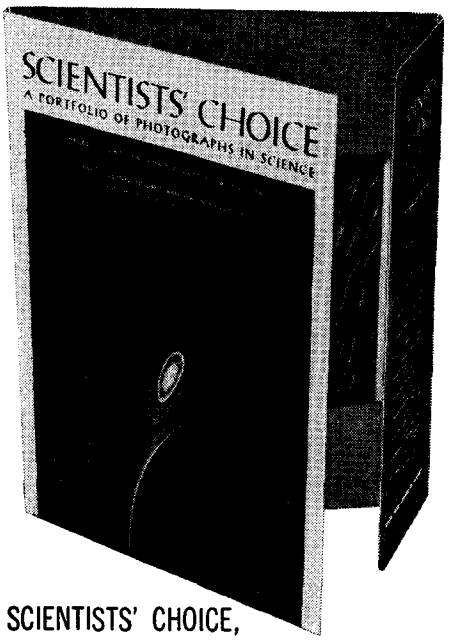
• • •

IF you are wondering about the photograph at our masthead (page 39) it is a reminder that, even with a Sputnik which the Russians say could just as well be a space station, the most thrilling sights in the heavens are still the ones nature put there. Saturn's rings will be farther open on the night of June 20th than they will be again for fifteen years.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

**14 EMINENT SCIENTISTS say: "These are our favorites"**

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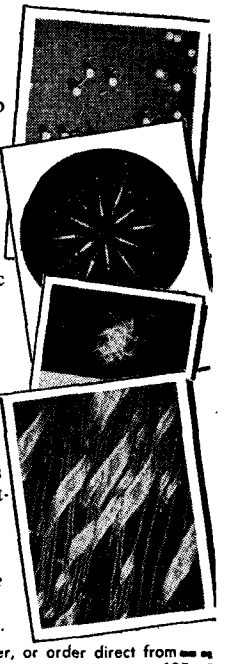

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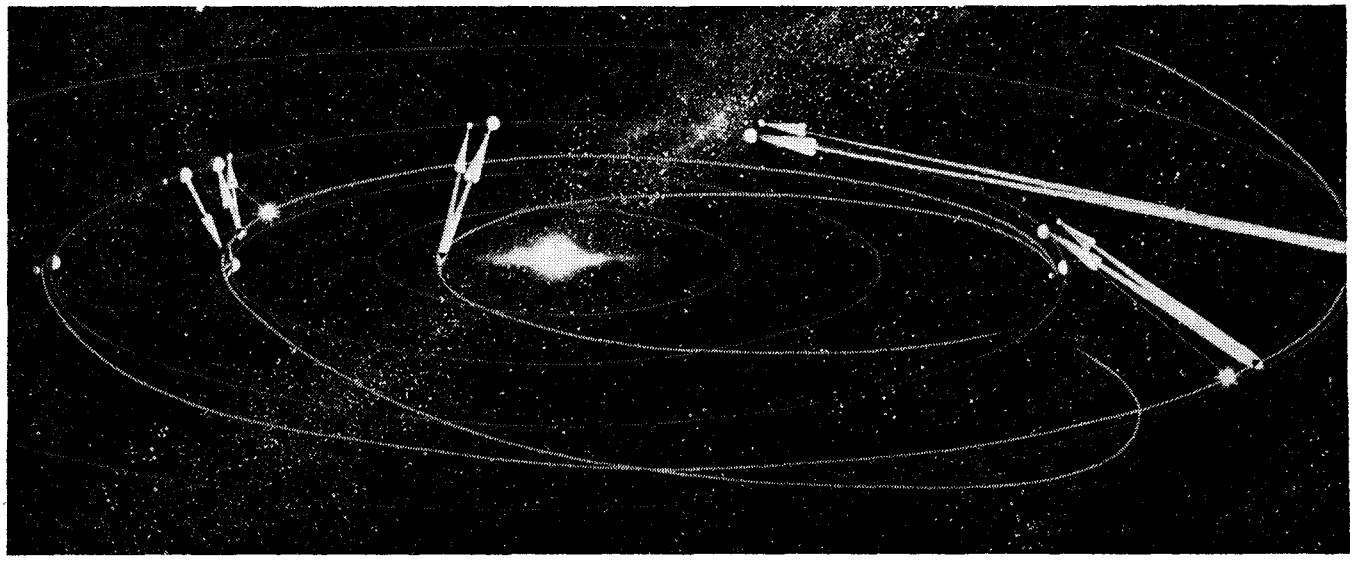

**SPACE EXPLORATION COMPLEXITIES** become plain in this General Dynamics-Convair projection of interplanetary probes. Central luminescent blob is the Sun, circled by orbits (thin solid lines) of Mercury, Venus, Earth with its Moon, and Mars. Fuzzy broken lines are probe paths. Probe launched toward Mars when Earth is at far left will actually reach Mars (nuclear light flash, far right) after Earth has swung to position indicated by twin triangulation arrows pointing earthward and moonward from that flash. Probe shot toward Venus (nuclear light flash, far left) reaches Venus after Earth has moved into the arc marked by triangulation arrows in neighborhood of that flash. Distances are too vast for radar tracking, hence nuclear bombs signal planetary landings.

# MISSILES CAN'T CONQUER SPACE

## *Astronautics Must Be Peaceful Scientific Exploration*

By CAPT. ROBERT C. TRUAX

LAST August, the U.S.S.R. announced it had flown an intercontinental ballistic missile "a tremendous distance." The event created some concern in military circles but was largely ignored by the general public. On October 4, the Russians launched an earth satellite and stirred the entire nation to indignation and resolve. This resolve was not to spend more billions for guided missiles and weapons of all kinds, but to catch up with and surpass the U.S.S.R. in the conquest of space.

What has happened since then? Responsible levels of government have attempted to determine the military implications of the Russian space flight program and then to emphasize those portions of our own missile efforts that appeared, from this evidence, to be lagging. However, the American people would be dismayed to know how little has been done or even planned towards establishing a national space flight program. A great deal of time has been spent in educating a new echelon of advisers in the rudiments of space technology. Extra billions have been allocated to further accelerate our already frantic efforts in the ballistic missile field. Such measures now are a fantastically expensive penalty for our lack of foresight in the 1945-1955 period. Perhaps these billions will indeed improve our position in this vital area. If they do, it will be worth while.

But we can't conquer space with ballistic missiles. It would be as sensible to try to solve the problems of aeronautics by throwing stones into the air. Large ballistic missiles will be helpful, and even essential, in providing the initial boost to project bodies into space, but in themselves will not create the capability of man to inhabit or use this new domain.

Our insistence on completely demonstrable military justification for space exploration is the height of foolhardiness. It is the prime reason why we were not the first to launch an ICBM, and why our intermediate range ballistic missiles are still in the experimental stage while the U.S.S.R. reportedly has operational squadrons.

The situation is analogous to that of a businessman who insists on a proven market for a given product before engaging in manufacture. In a competitive situation, such insistence would be fatal. For once the market situation is obvious, even the dullest competitor will recognize it. In commerce, less obvious and sometimes intuitive methods mark the successful executive. Buying trends, histories of similar products, classification of the product as fundamentally new or merely a minor innovation or design change—all affect the decision.

Although such reasoning is common in business, it has seldom been applied to weaponry. In weaponry the adage has been that the next war always begins with the weapons of the last one.

We can no longer afford this luxury of leisure. The increasing pace of science and the ever-growing importance of new weapons are making the ultraconservative approach as fatal in war as it is in peace.

We must use every available means for predicting the proper direction for weapons development. We must use both analysis and analogy. We must select research and development leaders with a record of having been right —and then support their judgment.

The measures being proposed today to catch up with Russia in the ballistic missile field are those we should have taken yesterday. These measures are necessary, but we must not neglect, in addition, to make today the decisions that must be made today to avoid being late tomorrow. Many of these decisions relate to the new science of astronautics.

In the field of space flight, the situation is very fortunate in one

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respect. Quite independent of military implications, the people of the U.S. want to undertake the conquest of space, in the broadest sense. No other venture in modern times has so captured the imaginations of men. Such acceptance offers the opportunity for wise leaders to insure superiority of this nation in a new field as significant as flight through the air or transportation over the water.

ASTRONAUTICS, this science of flight through airless space, conforms to the historical trend that man has always sought and found means to travel higher, faster, further. That only a limited number of concrete military applications have as yet been uncovered is only an outgrowth of our own limited vision. We have difficulty in adjusting our thinking to an environment in which space travel is commonplace. The importance of all previous great developments, particularly those in transportation, has been imperfectly appreciated in the beginning. Witness the ridicule heaped on the early steamboat, locomotive, automobile and airplane.

In the light of the new environment that astronautics itself will create, the utilities will appear. Astronautics offers not only a different way to reach old places but a means of reaching places unattainable by other routes. The first of many benefits of a wholehearted determination to conquer space is, oddly enough, that we shall probably get our military space vehicles cheaper than we would if we developed them, project by project, as applications become clear. In addition, we would see world-wide television using satellite relay stations; improved weather service and hurricane warning systems; and, ultimately, faster surface-to-surface transportation right here on Earth's surface. Most of all, however, we shall participate in the greatest adventure of all times, the exploration of the universe.

More missiles, more aircraft, more weapons of all kinds will not give us mastery here. Satellites, both manned and unmanned, moon rockets, interplanetary probes and manned expeditions are required. To establish a position of leadership, certain human elements are also necessary. Among these are: First, a national determination to do so, expressed in terms of adequate, stable financing; second, an organization clearly charged with the responsibility for developing space flight in all its aspects, and preferably an organization having this as its sole mission; and, third, manning of this organization by competent, dedicated individuals personally interested in space conquest.

At present, the United States has no integrated space flight program. It is not planning one. Even with the creation of an Advanced Research Projects Agency in the Defense Department and the establishment of a National Aeronautical and Space Agency, it appears that what is being planned is a collection of projects, a number of stunts with existing equipment, rather than a correlated program to develop the building blocks which are common to nearly all serious space missions.

Among these building blocks are: A maximum-energy final stage for Atlas or Titan; a lightweight electrical power supply system with long endurance qualities; a lightweight inertial guidance system; a means of recovery of first-stage booster rockets; low g re-entry systems; and a new, large, high-performance, recoverable booster for use after present ICBM's have been fully exploited.

These are the elements which will give us space superiority, not putting a beer can on the moon. A program planned and integrated through third or fourth tier sub-systems can only be carried out by people having space flight as their sole mission and by individuals who understand the many problems involved.

In this respect, we must realize that aeronautics is not astronautics. True, certain of the techniques of aeronautics are applicable to astronautics. For example, certain aspects of aerodynamics will be common to aerial flight and the takeoff and re-entry portions of space flight, but it would be no more logical to couple astronautics with aeronautics because of this feature than it would have been to tie aeronautics to automotive transportation because the airplane spends a portion of each flight rolling along the ground on rubber tires.

Astronautics must be recognized as a new and separate science. The more quickly this is done, the sooner its development will be freed from earthbound or airbound thinking. Existing aeronautical organizations are not equipped, either in the majority of their facilities or in the majority of their experience, to do justice to the development of space flight. Consequently, combining aeronautical and astronautical projects in one agency, as the President has proposed, could be fatal to a national space flight program if aeronautical men hold the top posts in such an agency and aeronautical thinking is predominant.

Astronautics excites the imaginations of men as few other scientific endeavors ever have. It draws devoted savants eager to participate in a venture that history must inevitably regard as a major landmark in the progress of civilization. These are not the Johnny-come-latelies who have been literally crawling out of the woodwork since Sputnik I, but men of vision and ability, long experienced in rocket science.

If key management posts are held by such individuals, they will spend appropriated money as they would their own—in such a fashion as to achieve maximum results, rather than a maximum of personal or organiza-

—*American Rocket Soc.*

Capt. Robert C. Truax

**THE MOST PERSUASIVE POINT** of the accompanying article is one not mentioned in the text. It is the identity of the author. Capt. Robert C. Truax, of the U. S. Navy, is currently assigned to the Advanced Research Projects Agency at the Pentagon. Since ARPA is charged with developing space vehicles for the Department of Defense, there is no question of the Captain's qualifications to speak and no doubt of his motives. Although he requires us to make the customary disclaimer that the opinions expressed here are his own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Navy or ARPA, we assume he followed the usual course and cleared the manuscript with Pentagon censors before it came to us. To keep the record clear as he wrote it, we have cut some of his original paragraphs to meet space limitations, and here and there moved a sentence for clarity, but have added no words even parenthetically. This is a military man's criticism of the prevailing tendency to give military projects top priority regardless of realities. And we want to keep it that way. Since SR/Research readers may be puzzled by a few of his lapses into rocketese, we explain here that Atlas and Titan are intercontinental ballistic missiles, that "inertial guidance" is a form of gyroscope piloting that keeps a vehicle always headed on a chosen path, that "low g" means speedup and slowup at speeds a man can survive, that a "booster" is a big rocket on which little rockets ride piggy-back, and that "third or fourth tier sub-systems" is just another way of saying that it takes a mighty mess of parts to make a rocket. The complete text of Capt. Truax's original manuscript is being published in the June issue of *Astronautics*, journal of the American Rocket Society.

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tional aggrandizement. The exact form of organization is of small consequence. The quality of the personnel and the clarity of their assigned mission are of paramount importance.

Without a clear-cut national resolve to lead in the exploration of space, and centralized planning and direction, we not only will not overtake the Russians, but the gap will continue to widen until they are as truly masters of space as England was master of the seas in the last two centuries.

The conquest of space does not require a major fraction of our current arms budget. If a sustained, well-integrated program is pursued, free from the fits and starts and the constant acceleration, deceleration and redirection that characterize our weapons programs, the cost will barely be noticeable to the average taxpayer. An allocation of two per cent of our current arms budget would support a handsome program for space conquest. This small amount could easily be saved by reduction in some of our obsolete arms, by ceasing production of obsolescent ones, and by eliminating the senseless duplication of many short-term but very expensive weapons.

At the present time it is not ourselves, but the Russians who are blazing trails in this new realm. One reason we are lagging in space exploration is that we have refused to allow such scientific efforts to interfere in any way with our military ballistic missile effort. Our preoccupation with purely military projects does not do justice to our world position, nor to our pioneering traditions.

# MOONSENSE

By Lee A. Du Bridge

WITHIN the past few months the space age has dawned. Many people of varying degrees of competence have ventured to peer into the future and make predictions as to where we are going. Needless to say, these predictions do not all agree with one another—and yet, to some extent, to visualize the challenges of the space age we must make a choice as to which of these predictions we are going to believe.

Now who am I to try to make such a choice? I am not a rocket technologist or a space engineer. But the problem of calculating approximate satellite orbits in space is a simple problem in classical physics! The theory was all worked out by Kepler and Newton nearly 300 years ago—and no quantum mechanics or relativity or meson theory or similar erudite subjects are necessary to understand the elements of the problem.

This is a very fortunate situation. We will probably be spending a lot of money on space technology in the coming years, and it is comforting to know that we need not be at the mercy of a lot of so-called experts. If someone makes a statement about some phenomenon having to do with space travel, we can get the nearest high school or college physics teacher to tell us whether the statement is right or not. It may take an expert engineer to tell us how much some of these things are going to cost, but there do not need to be any mysteries about how things behave once they get into space. . . .

What about the military value of space travel?

Obviously, military *ballistic missiles* which will hit accurately any point on the earth from bases in the United States, with payloads of 1,500 pounds or more, are very important weapons. Nothing should impede our efforts to develop and manufacture them and continue to try to make them cheaper and more reliable. . . .

Obviously, also, the rocket techniques which will carry sizable warheads on trajectories of 5,000 miles or so on earth are also automatically adequate, with but moderate changes, to launch earth satellites of a few hundred pounds weight, more or less, into orbits around the earth—and even out to the moon or beyond.

What military value will such satellites have?

First, they will make fine reconnaissance vehicles. . . . Second, our military satellite will be good for weather observations. . . . That, as far as I can see, is about the end of the story on the military value of earth satellites. . . . As weapon delivery systems they are clearly not very interesting. You can't drop a bomb from a satellite; it just won't drop . . . !

What about a military base on the moon?

There have been some extraordinary statements made on this question in recent months. Here is a typical one from a Sunday newspaper supplement: "A base on the moon with elaborate equipment and highly-trained men (*What are the men breathing, I wonder?*) would be an observation post surpassing anything military strategists have dreamed of in history." (*From the moon only one side of the earth faces you at a time, and for a good fraction of each month that face will be in total darkness. And anyone who thinks he can see man-made objects from 240,000 miles away is a bit optimistic.*)

But the quote goes on: "It (the base on the moon) could launch weapons of great destruction (*the very same weapons we've got right here on earth now, I'll bet you*) with terrible accuracy (*terrible is right*) on any target on earth. It could also be done without the slightest fear of retaliation. (*Retaliation against what? Nobody on the moon could stop the enemy from wiping out New York, Washington and Los Angeles.*) For us, reaching the moon first is a defense necessity."

This is utter nonsense for many reasons. I will mention only three:

1. Why transport a hydrogen warhead, together with all men and equipment for establishing and maintaining a base, 240,000 miles to the moon, just to shoot it 240,000 miles back to earth, when the target is only 5,000 miles way in the first place?

2. If you did launch a bomb from the moon to a target on the earth, using, of course, an orbit that required the minimum amount of fuel, the warhead would take five days to reach the earth. . . . An ICBM can reach any target on earth in twenty minutes.

3. As to retaliation, if we have rockets good enough to land men and equipment on the moon, the enemy will surely have rockets good enough to put a hydrogen bomb (a much smaller payload) at the same spot. Either people will land on the moon for peaceful purposes by mutual agreement—or else we will surely launch the nuclear war here on earth. . . . I'll willingly fight a war to keep the Communists off our shores—but I am not interested in getting blown up to decide who shall have a military base on the moon.

As I see it then, the challenge of the space age is whether we use the great new technologies of space travel for peaceful and scientific purposes—conducting a bold and exciting program of research and exploration—or will we be led into wild programs of Buck Rogers stunts and pseudo-military expeditions? The decision is going to be made soon, and it is high time that the best people in America—including the best people in industry—do some good hard thinking about it.

*Editor's Note: Readers who would enjoy a longer version of this down-to-earth space essay by the president of California Institute of Technology are referred to the April 1958 issue of Caltech's journal* Engineering and Science.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXVII

# THE HURRYING WOMAN

*Anthropologist Margaret Mead Outraces Changing Cultures*

—Lotte Jacobi.

"COMING of Age in Samoa" made Margaret Mead famous at the age of twenty-seven. She had gone into the field for the first time as an anthropologist, and this was her first report. It became an immediate best selling book. All kinds of people were enchanted by the story of this young female who went alone among the natives of a South Pacific island to see how the girlhood she had so recently departed—a growing up that had occurred in the sheltering lee of an old and moneyed American family—might have been spent had she been born instead on a lush and lonely patch of land anchored in the tropic sea. Ever since then the mention of her name has evoked in millions of minds a languorous air in which palm fronds waver lazily.

But the truth is that except for a single escape to those careless days of the jungle sun, the tempo of Margaret Mead's life has been a crescendo of hurry ever since she wrote that naked idyll of the Samoan women and their children.

The one interlude of quiet and peace ended in 1929—the year when the complex culture of her own upbringing collapsed momentarily beneath the weight of idle gold. In that same year young Dr. Mead first faced the fear that her adopted world of primitive cultures might be about to blow up.

"Margaret," her father, a student of economics, said when she got home from the Manus tribe in the Admiralties, "with gold at its present value, we can't go on for more than ten years without a war. The simple peoples you love may be destroyed. So study them while there is time."

Margaret hurried back to her islands. By concentrating on the children, she opened to herself and to science a realm of research—the living quarters of the native women—forever barred to men. The years were filled with hard work and incessant sickness (those were the pre-antibiotic days). But she lived them quickly, moving from the Arapesh to the Mundugumor, from the Tchambuli to the Balinese, and then to the Iatmul. Too fast her father's deadline came, and with it the war.

Margaret Mead came home to a different sort of hurry. This time the whole of democratic civilization was in danger. The simple peoples whose guest, doctor and friend she had been were athwart the paths to battle. Their daily habits, their beliefs, their loyalties and abilities could be crucial. The small, determined woman who knew them best hurried off again—to Washington, D. C. The patterns of national character she wove there with her schooldays teacher, Ruth Benedict, became part of a new dimension of struggle — psychological warfare—not only in the Pacific but in Europe as well.

Bereft temporarily of contact with her primitives, Dr. Mead pointed her anthropological curiosity to teaching—not just the things she knew about the South Pacific, but analytical techniques that could be applied to any culture, simple or complex. Anthropology students at Vassar, Wellesley and New York University were so receptive to her enthusiasm that she reached out to other scientific disciplines and other lands: England, France, Austria.

Eventually, her momentum carried her back to the Manus. Twenty-five years had passed since her first visit. The unmistakable mark of the World War II soldier was everywhere. A primitive people had jumped from ancient tribal customs to a modern democratic way of life. Here was a phenomenon which anthropologists had thought impossible. Slow change was the only accepted kind of cultural transition. What had happened to the Manus impressed her, and she found it applicable to complex cultures like her own American. Today she believes and teaches that children are not alone in susceptibility to new ways. Adults, too, are open to learning, sometimes more than their offspring.

In this new notion Dr. Mead finds hope of political inventions to generate community and national responsibility. Other anthropologists wonder whether in the end she may discover her hopes not to be as justified as she now believes. Her reply boils down to this: In absence of anything surer, we have an obligation to try it.

"Those who oppose my interpretation say we've got to go slowly, as we always did before," she says. "But we don't have time to wait for new generations to grow up. We must learn to live with the Russians, the Chinese and all the other peoples of the world—now!"

The dissents from her opinion do not affect her influence on the directing board of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. On the contrary, the AAAS chose her to study, with disciple Rhoda Metraux, what American teenagers think of science. What scientists can do to alter the image is a question whose answer she is also helping to shape as a member of the AAAS Committee on the Social Aspects of Science.

To say that Margaret Mead is alone among anthropologists in appreciation of the explosive cultural implications of space exploration to man's beliefs and aspirations would be overstatement. But certainly no one as well placed as she has taken as much initiative. She looks upon the edge-of-space present as man's most crucial era since the age of fire. We do not know what we owe to the first fire-bearer's mistakes. We do not know what our hesitations about space may mean to future men.

Today Margaret Mead is perhaps better known for her paperback books and her popular lectures than for her latest research on anthropology. Her date book is jammed. Her students at Columbia University (where she herself learned at the feet of the great Franz Boas) are amazed by the time she gives them and the extent to which she shares their intimacies. In those rare moments when she needs seclusion, she retires to an alcove on the top floor of New York's Museum of Natural History, where she has been Associate Curator of Ethnology since 1942. Even there, among the silent relics she has helped to catalog, Margaret Mead by habit thrusts her head forward as she studies. Unconsciously, she hurries. She cannot forget that somewhere ahead time may run out.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

# IS EARTH A COSMIC BALLBEARING?

*Einstein Saw Merit in This New Theory of the Behavior of Our Planet's Crust*

MOST geologists today unhesitatingly confess that we do not understand the origin of continents, ocean basins, mountain chains, or the causes of volcanic action. We have never solved the mystery of ice ages in the tropics, nor the equally strange mystery of . . . coal beds within 200 miles of the South Pole. . . . When we turn to the theory of evolution, we find that . . . nobody pretends to know how . . . explosive phases . . . of origin (and) development occurred . . . or how the worldwide extinctions of many forms of life (happened) simultaneously. . . . Our ideas of the tempo at which geological change has occurred . . . have been challenged . . . by new evidence produced by techniques of dating based on radioactive isotopes. These new techniques have . . ., indeed, created many more problems than they have solved.

It became obvious to me, as I reviewed these problems, and went back over the controversies that had marked their consideration, that a sort of common denominator was present—somebody usually tried to explain the particular problem in terms of changes in the position of the poles. . . . The authors of such theories, unfortunately, were never able to prove their assumptions. The opponents of the notion of polar change always managed to point out fallacies that seemed decisive. . . .

The theory here presented would solve these problems by supposing . . . that the changes have occurred *not by reason of changes in the position of the earth's axis, but simply through a sliding of its crust.* There is nothing new about this idea. It has been brought forward repeatedly over the last seventy-five years, and is advocated today by a number of scientists. This book brings the evidence together. . . .

To understand what is involved in the idea of a movement of the entire crust of the earth, certain facts about the earth must be understood The crust is very thin. Estimates of its thickness range from twenty to forty miles. The crust is made of comparatively rigid, crystalline rock, but it is fractured in many places, and does not have great strength. Immediately under the crust is a layer that is thought to be extremely weak, because it is, presumably, too hot to crystallize. Moreover, it is thought that pressure at that depth renders the rock extremely plastic, so that it will yield easily to pressures. The rock at that depth is supposed to have high viscosity; that is, it is fluid but very stiff, as tar may be. It is known that a viscous material will yield easily to a comparatively slight pressure exerted over a long period of time, even though it may act as a solid when subjected to a sudden pressure, such as an earthquake wave. If a gentle push is exerted horizontally on the earth's crust, to shove it in a given direction, and if the push is maintained steadily for a long time, it is highly probable that the crust will be displaced over this plastic and viscous lower layer. The crust, in this case, will move as a single unit. . . .

Let us visualize briefly the consequences of a displacement of the whole crustal shell of the earth. First, there will be the changes in latitude. Places on the earth's surface will change their distances from the equator. Some will be shifted nearer the equator, and others farther away. Points on opposite sides of the earth will move in opposite directions. For example, if New York should be moved 2,000 miles south, the Indian Ocean, diametrically opposite, would have to be shifted 2,000 miles north.

All points on the earth's surface will not move an equal distance, however. . . . There is a meridian around the earth that represents the direction of the movement, and points on this circle will be moved farthest. Two points 90 degrees away from this line will represent the "pivot points" of the movement. All other points will be displaced proportionally to their distances from this meridian. Naturally, climatic changes will be more or less proportionate to changes in latitude, and, because areas on opposite sides of the globe will be moving in opposite directions, some areas will be getting colder while others get hotter; some will be undergoing radical changes of climate, some mild changes of climate, and some no changes at all.

Along with the climatic changes, there will be many other consequences of a displacement of the crust. Because of the slight flattening of the earth, there will be stretching and compressional effects to crack and fold the crust, possibly contributing to the formation of mountain ranges. . .

SOME years ago Mr. Hugh Auchincloss Brown, an engineer, developed a theory that great polar icecaps might shift the poles by capsizing or careening the earth as a whole. . . . Brown pointed out that a polar icecap is an enormous body placed on the earth's surface, and not perfectly centered on the axis of rotation. It must therefore create centrifugal effects, tending to unbalance the earth. He called attention to certain facts about Antarctica. Antarctica is a large continent, about twice the size of the United States. It is almost entirely covered by ice, and the ice is . . . thought to average a mile in thickness, and it may be twice as thick in places. . . . Much of this ice is an extra weight on the earth's crust because it has accumulated so fast that there has been insufficient time for the earth's crust to sink and adapt to it. . . .

With respect to the eccentricity of this mass, Brown pointed out that the earth is known to wobble slightly on its axis. The wobble amounts to about fifty feet, and the earth completes about one wobble in about fourteen months. This means that the whole planet, including the ice cap, is always off center by about that amount. Brown likened the earth's equatorial bulge—its slightly greater diameter through the equator—to a . . . stabilizing flywheel to keep the earth steady on its axis. He thought that this centrifugal effect of the bulge would (be) overcome . . . (by the) eccentricity of the enormous mass of the ice cap . . ., tending to unbalance the globe . . ., permit the earth to wobble farther off center (and) . . . cause an increase of the centrifugal effect by arithmetical progression until the earth capsized. . . .

I saw, on looking at the map . . ., that the South Pole was not at all in the center of the (Antarctic) continent. This being so, then the ice cap, which covers virtually all the continent, could not be centered at the

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pole. The center was between 300 and 345 miles from the pole. . . . This, of course, involved a centrifugal effect thousands of times greater than that which could be derived from Brown's assumptions.

Unfortunately . . . mathematical calculations showed . . . that the stabilizing effect of the bulge was greater than the eccentric effect of the ice cap by several thousand times.

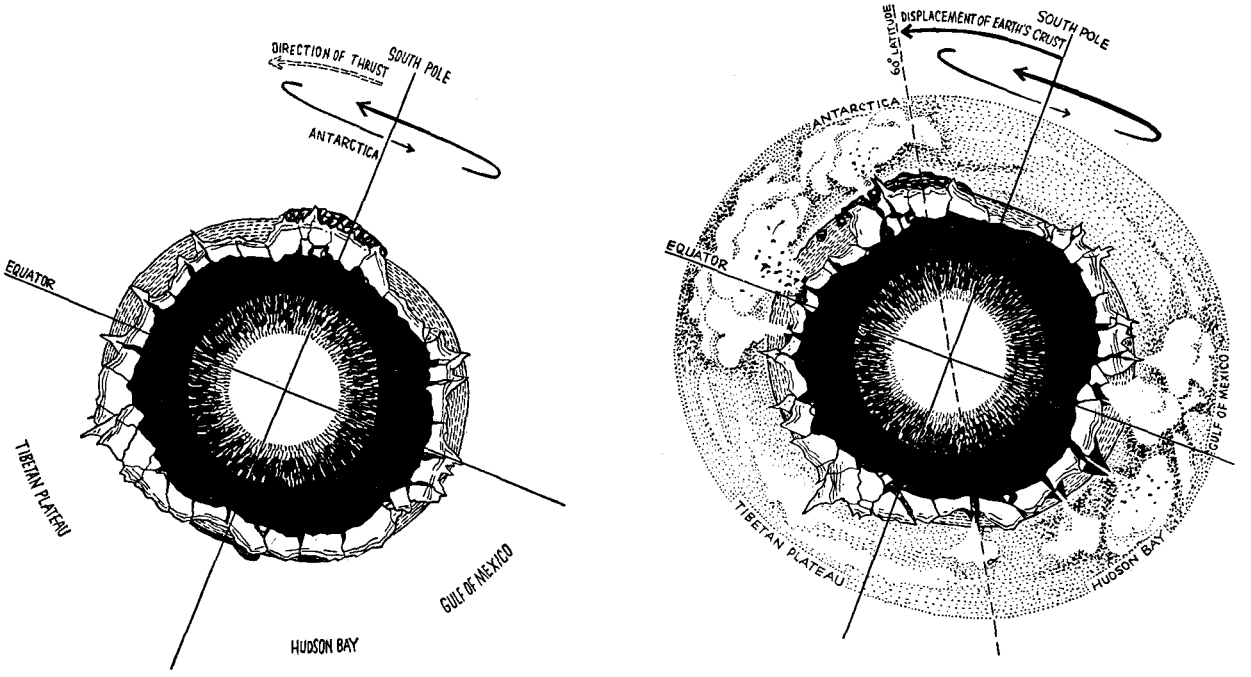
This result could have brought the investigation to an end. But I felt much opposed to the complete abandonment of the project. I discussed the difficulty . . . with my friend, James Hunter Campbell. . . . He suggested that if the ice cap did not have sufficient force to careen the whole planet, it might have sufficient force to displace the earth's crust over the underlying layers. . . .

The hypothesis that has emerged . . . calls for a . . . displacing force that will overcome the inertia of the crust and its friction with the layer below it (and that will) continue the displacements to distances of the order of several thousand miles. It is essential to have a force that will not be absorbed and exhausted by the work of moving the crust. It is clear that the mechanism of centrifugal effect postulated by Campbell can meet this requirement because the effect increases in proportion as the uncompensated mass of the icecap is moved farther from the axis of rotation. At the same time . . . a cause of displacement is called for that will cease to exert these centrifugal effects at some distance from the pole, but long before the equator is reached. To accomplish this, the mechanism must provide that the mass responsible for the displacement must itself disappear en route, and, as we have seen, it must disappear rapidly. It seems that the melting of the icecap, as the movement brings it into warmer latitudes, provides not only a sufficient but perhaps the only method of explaining the facts. . . .

THE present Antarctic icecap is larger than the last North American icecap. If Campbell's calculations are close to the truth, it seems that the bursting stresses in the crust may now be close to the critical point, from this source alone. . . . The meridian of 96° E. Long. . . . is . . ., according to our theory, . . . the meridian along which the gradually increasing thrust of the Antarctic icecap has been exerted for thousands of years. . . . Assam (in eastern India) lies almost on the meridian. . . . In the year 1950 . . . a cataclysm that involved hundreds of thousands of square miles (shook the earth there in the same twelvemonth that) . . . another great earthquake on the same meridian, but on the opposite side of the earth, virtually destroyed the city of Cuzco. Also near the same meridian, in Mexico, we have recently seen the rapid creation of the great volcanic mountain of Paracutin. . . . Finally, it may be worthwhile to mention Dr. Maurice Ewing's recent discovery of a worldwide system of great submarine canyons along which the crust is . . . still widening. . . .

If these guesses turn out to be correct, the next North Pole will be in the vicinity of Lake Baikal, in Siberia. North America, moving southward into the tropics, will subside some hundreds of feet relatively to sea level, and the ocean will occupy the river valleys and will divide the continent into several land areas. India will move northward out of the tropics, and since there will be no land to the south to provide a refuge for the fauna and flora, we shall have to expect the extinction of many species of animals and plants now confined to that country. Many other consequences may be unpredictable. The gradual climatic changes due to changing latitude will be accompanied by sudden, violent climatic changes due to volcanism.

—CHARLES H. HAPGOOD,
in "Earth's Shifting Crust,"
(Pantheon Press, $6.50).




**HERE'S OUR EARTH HUNG UPSIDE-DOWN** to illustrate new sliding crust theory, whose author says the late Albert Einstein analyzed and approved the underlying mathematics. Globe at left pictures planet today. On globe at right, weight of Antarctic icecap is turning crust eastward over Earth's viscous inner core along 96th Meridian. Approaching equatorial bulge, crust stretches and splits, opening vents for volcanoes to build new land. Across the bulge, crust moving poleward is too big to fit that arc of Earth. It consequently sags, is pulled down by gravity, and so folds into new mountains. Meantime the warming icecap melts, raises the level of the seas, divides old continents into islands, pushes new land bridges up from the ocean bottoms. Whole species of living things are destroyed, others are isolated under circumstances favorable to explosive evolution. Volcano spewn ash and carbon dioxide reflect sunlight from the Earth, change the weather. But the poles stay fixed, broad climatic patterns continue in their present latitudes because of the spin of the globe. All proportions in the sketches above are exaggerated, including the illusion of time. Crustal slides, if they do occur, take centuries.

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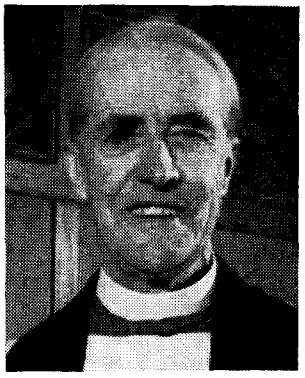
# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Ivan Dmitri.

## WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

*Man's true place in the universe has caused schism between science and the church so often that historians tend to neglect those cases where research has been sponsored and protected by ecclesiastical authority. Canon Charles E. Raven (pictured on SR's cover this week) is a present-day child of this latterly slighted union. The Canon has been a member of the College of Chaplains in the British Royal household since 1919. His tenure there began under George V and, this being a lifetime appointment, continued through the brief reign of Edward VIII and included attendance at the coronations of George VI and the present Queen Elizabeth II. Ordained in the Church of England ten years prior to his designation to the Royal house, Dr. Raven has served as Canon of Liverpool and Ely Cathedrals and Vice Chancellor of*

**By CANON CHARLES E. RAVEN**
*(British Royal College of Chaplains)*

MEDICAL teachers initiated to a very large degree the modern scientific movement, leading man's emergence from the Dark Ages to the present in which we find ourselves confronting a totally new picture of the universe in which we live and an almost totally new concept of our own nature and capacities. From the beginning, the doctors and nurses, the medical tradition, and the medical colleges approached the problem of human experience and its interpretation from the knowledge that man could not be treated (as too often my biologist colleagues even today are inclined to treat him) as a piece of super-complicated machinery and on the other hand could not be properly treated (as some of my theological colleagues would treat him) as a sort of angel—fallen angel perhaps—but at any rate a creature whose spiritual nature was all that really mattered. Medicine from its very contact with human persons is bound to be what we nowadays call psychosomatic.

With that in mind I want to consider what the task is for the medical world at this present moment. I think the plain fact is that we need to enlarge our concept of medicine because of the change in the status and capacities of the individual in regard to the community.

I don't know how far you in this vast and only recently completely explored continent realize how thorough is the alteration in the status of the individual since the period of your great colonizing and expansion began. We get it brought home to us in Britain and on the continent of Europe very vividly because there still exist among us great houses of the feudal nobility in which a family and its dependents could live practically self-supporting in the world. Not so very long ago I stayed not in such a house, because the family had long ago given up trying to inhabit so vast a mansion, but in what was originally the gardener's cottage. Going around the estate, I found everything, from the timber and bricks of which new buildings could be fashioned, to the butchery and the tanner's yard. All the necessities for the independent existence of a small community could be found. Now compare that with our great shopping centers and realize that at every meal we eat we are dependent upon an anonymous multitude.

You medical students and medical practitioners must sometimes despair that you spend your time in patching up diseased and broken people—no, much more than that—that you help your patients to grow up into some sort of fulness of life and then send them out into a world in which the very condition of public activity is based still upon something not very far from the ethics of the jungle.

All through my young manhood and almost middle age we believed that if only we could get what we now call the Welfare State, if in other words the mass of the people could get sufficient leisure to be able to develop some sort of freedom of life, if we could get the eight-hour day or still more the five-day week, then all the latent possibilities in the community, the things which had found expression in high schools and debating societies and all the mutual improvement efforts of Victorian days would be given free scope and that we should see an immense enlargement of human energies. What we have seen is an immense enlargement in professionalized athletics, thousands of people spending not merely one afternoon a week but countless hours watching other people playing paid games, often doing the watching at second hand on the television (which, if I may say so, is not establishing a very strong case for its educational value) or filling out football coupons, pool betting and waiting week by week in the wild hope that as happens about once in a dozen years they may suddenly find themselves if not millionaires at any rate masters of totally undeserved and in most cases misappropriated wealth.

I am quite sure that that sort of tragic use of leisure time is reflected in the complete muddlement in which most of our popular causes are discussed in moments of crisis. Was there ever a time when mass hysteria played such havoc? Was there ever a time in which so much depended upon the ethics of the advertising market, where those who control publicity could establish such enthusiasms with so little factual basis?

THAT sort of disease is surely capable of medical treatment, at any rate of medical analysis. We ought to be able to protect ourselves somehow against these epidemic madnesses and against the more deep-seated and permanent misapplication of our capacities. You will say that that is the business of the teachers and the preachers. I think it's at least as much the business of the medicals.

We ought to be as prepared to look at the corporate madnesses and diseases of our time as searchingly and with as deep a sense of responsibility as we do the individual defects. I do not think we can cure the major evils of modern collective life merely by treating individual members privately and separately because I do not believe that the evils of our corporate life today are caused or can be cured by individual action. I believe what gives us our trouble is the acceptance corporately of methods and standards and procedures which as individuals we should condemn as submoral if not subhuman. And it doesn't seem to me that the evidence of dealing with those things individually is highly satisfactory.

If democracy means freedom to do what you like and to possess what you can pay for, I don't think it's going

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# . . . a new confluence of medicine and society

*Cambridge University. Cambridge is, of course, famous for its scientists and Canon Raven follows the tradition. He is a naturalist and a botanist, Fellow of the British Academy, Fellow of the Linnean Society and Trustee of the British Museum. His interest in the changing relationships between science and religion resulted in an invitation to deliver the Gifford Lectures on the subject at Edinburgh in 1951-52. After that he was a natural choice for First Visiting Professor of the Philosophy of Science at the College of Medicine, University of Cincinnati (Ohio). The notion of such a professorship originated with Dr. William D. Lotspeich, one of 200 doctors helped by the John and Mary Markle Foundation program for holding young physicians on the teaching and research staffs of medical schools. A Markle grant financed the special chair. Following is an excerpt from the last of the Raven lectures in Cincinnati.*

*Artist's sketch, insignia Royal College of Chaplains*

*—Doug Anderson.*

to stand up very long in the modern world. If it means something else, then it does mean a sense of membership and of corporate responsibility which I want to insist is a plain obligation upon each one of us and perhaps a primary responsibility for those to whom is entrusted the health of the people. I don't think that we will ever get a really happy people until we have a much more carefully considered and healthfully motivated public life. I am not a politician and I am not preaching a political nostrum; I am merely appealing to the great and splendidly idealistic medical profession with its long record of altruistic service. I am asking it whether it cannot extend what it has done in the field of psychology into the field of corporate psychology, what it has done so splendidly with individual disease into an examination at least of the diseases of the body politic.

THE need exists not only out of the derangement of corporate life, the ineffectiveness of corporate life and the dependence of the individual increasingly upon corporate life, but out of the appreciation not only among medical men but among biologists of the interdependence of the organism and its environment.

The great change that has taken place in my lifetime, I suppose, is that at the beginning of it biology really had very little to do with the living organism. The laboratory people and the museum people in the field, say, of bird or mammal study, were almost rigidly opposed to the people who knew the living bird or the living mammal in its wild condition. There was an extraordinary period in which theories were put forth, theories of adaptation, theories of behavior, which field naturalists just knew were not true. In Rudyard Kipling's *Just So* stories it was laid down as a fact that the lion was tawny colored because he lived in the desert and, therefore, his color was appropriate to merge him into the background. The tiger, living in reed beds and jungle, was striped because the striped pattern made him invisible. It never occurred to the people who were working out these ingenious theories that, as the field naturalists knew, the creatures upon which lions and tiger prey get knowledge of the predators from scent. A lion can walk past a herd of antelope in the open if the wind is blowing from them to him without their paying him any attention. Scent is what betrays the carnivorous animals to their intended victims.

That sort of problem, which arose over and over again in my earlier days between the field naturalists and the men of laboratories and museums, has disappeared. We have come to see that the relationship of the organism to its environment must be studied as a whole, that to abstract the organism from its environment or even to create an artificial environment may give a very wrong perspective. And I believe that applies to medicine.

I BELIEVE that if there are certain corporate defects in the way of life to which we are submitted—if, for instance, it is impossible for a youngster going into certain types of business to do so and keep his moral integrity (and I'm afraid that is still very largely the case)—then our pursuit of health will remain to a large extent frustrated and incomplete. So I should like to see the province of medicine extended; I should like to see certain departments of the great profession equipped to study the diseases of corporate life. I believe there is room here for the application of precisely the same skills in diagnosis and treatment which the social worker does not have and which the medical man does. I am not depreciating the work of the social worker at all. But I am suggesting that between sociology and medicine there might well be established the same sort of unity which has been established between psychology and medicine.

Our task is not only to deal with particular isolable symptoms in the individual but always, even when dealing with the individual, with him or her as a person in relation to other persons, in relation to his or her way of life, in relation to his or her particular environment. If it were possible to develop the nucleus of a department for that sort of study, I believe it might be immensely rewarding. There is the material for it in many of the subsidiary services of our great hospitals already. What I want is the taking up of that sort of task by those who can bring to bear upon it knowledge of research and the opportunities and aptitudes for initiating research.

We can no longer look in these days to an all-providing Caesar or even to an all-responsible Pope. We are Caesar, we the people, and if we don't see that the standard of corporate life is raised along with the standard of personal life I don't think we can expect anyone else to do it for us. We must have what so very few of us in these days have to any full degree—a sense of solidarity, a sense of loyalty for those who are our own colleagues. Unless we are prepared to face that I don't think we're really reaching the level of maturity which alone is appropriate to the world in which we find ourselves today. The great medical colleges from the days of the Hippocratic school have perhaps taught the world more than they know of what it is to be in a society, in a community in which a shared loyalty and a common task binds the individuals together and promotes in them that sort of corporate inspiration and that sort of dependence one upon another, that sort of response one to another which should characterize the one body of mankind.

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# "I wish I was dead!"

### Terrible words to come from the lips of a little child . . .

SHOCKING, isn't it? But the little girl was simply expressing what countless thousands of other children feel . . . the forgotten children of the city slums, compelled to live in a world of dark hallways and filth-littered alleys, of rancid garbage smells and nameless fears. They sleep in musty rooms, sometimes three or four in a single bed. They are hungry so often that the ache has become habit. They see and hear things that no child should be permitted to see or hear.

For these children the worst time of all is the summer. Then the air is most poisonous with exhaust fumes and fetid smells. Tempers are shortest in the stifling heat. Wailing babies, blaring radios, the din of traffic fill the days and nights. The slum child is trapped between the sweltering walls of his tenement and the blazing street.

But every year, up at Nyack on the Hudson, there is a refuge for many of these children . . . a pleasant haven high on a hill where they may escape for two glorious weeks. Here they romp on wide green lawns among tall, shady trees . . . they take hikes through the woods . . . they go swimming in a beautiful modern pool. They eat nourishing meals three times a day. They sleep in their own beds, between clean, cool sheets.

Mont Lawn offers these children a real vacation from the heat and dirt of the slums . . . and it does more. Friendly, sympathetic counselors prove to them that not all adults are to be distrusted and feared. In the interdenominational chapel they learn of God's love. For most of these children, Mont Lawn is an experience that may spell the difference between a lifetime of poverty, bitterness, and even crime . . . and a happy, useful future guided by God.

This summer there are hundreds of children still waiting to go to Mont Lawn. Unless we receive immediate help, many of these children will not be able to go. The very tot in the picture is typical of these unfortunates . . . condemned to go on staring hopelessly at a world they have reason to hate, not only throughout the long, hot, weary summer months . . . but perhaps for the rest of their lives! Two weeks at Mont Lawn could make such a world of difference . . . but someone must make it possible.

Will *you* be the one to send a child such as this away from the slums for two weeks? Just $40 will pay the entire cost, but even the smallest contribution will help. Remember, one of these little ones is depending on your kindness. Mail your contribution now!

**$500.00** *endows a bed in perpetuity*
**$40.00** *gives a child two weeks at Mont Lawn*
**$20.00** *pays for one week* • **$3.00** *pays for one day*

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1263

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

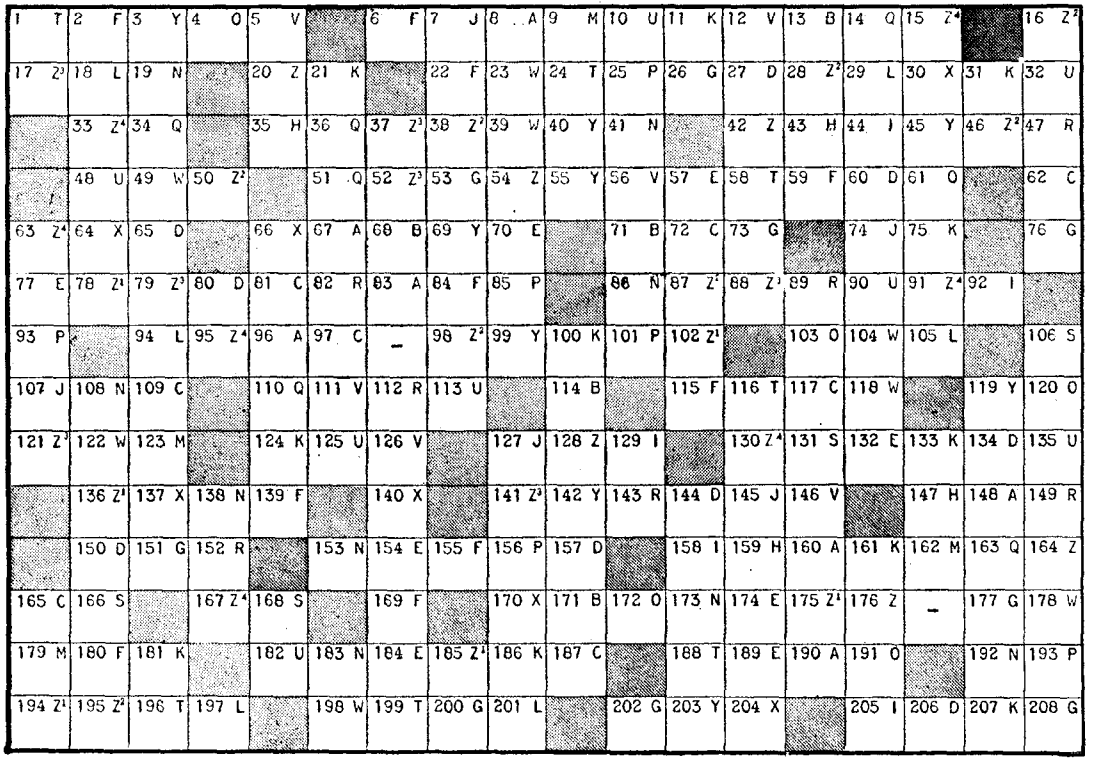
By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Transverse creases of skin on palmar surface of the wrist. | 67 148 160 83 8 190 96 |
| B. Comported oneself. | 114 13 171 68 71 |
| C. Instrument to measure side-slip of a plane. | 97 72 187 117 165 62 109 81 |
| D. Business of cutting or painting symbols to be read, as on a building or sign. | 206 134 65 80 60 144 27 150 157 |
| E. Subsisting as a permanent quality. | 189 184 77 57 132 154 174 70 |
| F. Most famous aphorism of the Upanishads (3 Sanskrit wds.). | 6 169 59 115 2 84 139 22 180 155 |
| G. Theory of spirit rappings. | 76 73 53 202 151 26 200 177 208 |
| H. Material of the bishop's sleeves. | 43 35 147 159 |
| I. Having nothing in it. | 158 44 205 129 92 |
| J. The blue of the Chinese azure; important man recently in U.S. industrial relations. | 145 7 74 107 127 |
| K. Sounding dreadfully. | 161 31 21 11 133 181 186 124 207 75 100 |
| L. Highest. | 18 94 201 105 197 29 |
| M. Deliberative or legislative body in the Ukraine. | 162 9 123 179 |
| N. Hiawatha's favorite musician. | 108 86 183 19 173 41 153 138 192 |
| O. The "Mister" representing Jesse James in the old ballad about his death. | 191 120 103 172 4 61 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| P. Powerful permanent magnet alloy of iron, nickel, aluminum, and colbalt or copper. | 93 85 156 25 193 101 |
| Q. Roman goddess of nursing mothers. | 51 110 36 163 34 14 |
| R. Surpasses in ingenuity or cunning. | 112 143 89 152 82 47 149 |
| S. Release anything accomplished, tied, or fastened. | 131 168 166 106 |
| T. Specifying a certain method of testing boilers (comp.) | 58 196 188 24 116 199 1 |
| U. Business district in most U.S. cities. | 135 90 48 32 10 125 182 113 |
| V. Pilot of the Argo. | 126 12 111 146 5 56 |
| W. Period of disintegration of radioactive elements important in computations (2 wds.). | 104 49 122 198 178 39 23 118 |
| X. Disposition toward activity. | 204 137 66 140 170 30 64 |
| Y. Tenderfoot in Alaska. | 40 142 3 55 119 203 69 99 45 |
| Z. The Iroquoian manitou. | 20 54 128 164 176 42 |
| Z-1. Shortened sail. | 102 78 194 136 175 185 |
| Z-2. Pope's heroine whose last words were "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke." | 195 98 38 16 87 46 50 28 |
| Z-3. Exceedingly rare gem crystal, pale yellow or green. | 52 121 141 17 79 88 37 |
| Z-4. Highest point in Wisconsin (2 wds.). | 91 167 130 63 33 95 15 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*



**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.**



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**DISCOVER NATURE'S SECRETS WITH . . .**
- **60-power microscope** (with manual)
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### CHILDREN WHO LOVE TO READ DO BETTER IN SCHOOL

Parents frequently overlook this obvious truth, even when they are most concerned about their children's progress. To encourage—*without pressure*—a natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It provides—at regular intervals, which is extremely important — authoritative books that are, above all, *fun to read*. As many educators point out, children who learn to love books in this way usually make the best and most interested students. And, of course, the "library-building" habit acquired in childhood will benefit them always.

**YOU MAY CHOOSE *EITHER* OF THESE GROUPS . . .**
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### (1) THE ALLABOUT BOOKS

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✶ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. To excite and inspire him immediately, he will receive, *free*, the enrollment gifts pictured above. With them he will receive the ALLABOUT or LANDMARK book you select as the first purchase from the two listed below. Also included will be fifty handsome bookplates to encourage him to build his *own library*. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel at any time.

✶ **THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE** — each month your child will receive a book addressed to him personally, always an exciting moment in any home. The price to subscribers, *lower than the regular retail price*, is only $1.75 each, plus a small charge for mailing.

✶ **IF YOU DECIDE** to subscribe to *both* series (one ALLABOUT and one LANDMARK book each month) *you will receive a discount of 10%*, making the special combined price $3.15, plus the postage and handling charge. In this case, check both the ALLABOUT and LANDMARK books pictured in the coupon, as your first purchase.

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**NOTE ABOUT BIRTHDAYS**

If you wish the subscription to begin as a birthday surprise during the next 30 days, simply check the box on the coupon. The enrollment gifts and the first purchase will be sent in packages plainly labeled "Do not open until your birthday." Enclosed will be a card naming you as the donor. Please allow ten days (east of the Mississippi) and two weeks (west of the Mississippi) for delivery.

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**BEGIN WITH ONE OF THESE—OR BOTH**

☐ **ALL ABOUT ROCKETS & JETS** by Fletcher Pratt

☐ **DANIEL BOONE** by John Mason Brown

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y. **12-6**
YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA* Branch

Please enroll the child named below in a four-month trial subscription to *Young Readers of America* and send him free the RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and the GILBERT MICROSCOPE KIT with the purchase of the first book(s) indicated. You are to send the child:

Check one
- ☐ one **ALLABOUT** book each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **LANDMARK** book each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **ALLABOUT** and one **LANDMARK** each month and bill me at $3.15 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

I may cancel the membership at any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase please send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

**Information requested on this order should be filled in by parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT**

SEND BOOKS TO..... NAME OF CHILD

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

ORDERED BY Mr. Mrs. Miss ..... NAME OF PARENT OR DONOR

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

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